

FEBRUARY

1883.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LI.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 2.

LAUDERBACH-SC-PHILA.

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the WORLD.

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Acres.

27 Greenhouse Plants, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs,
Climbing Vines, including 25 kinds of the
New Clematis, a full assortment of both
Flower and Vegetable SEEDS, Apple,
Pear, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Grape,
and all other FRUITS. SIXTY

\$1 SETS
all labeled, as fol-
lows: 12 Puchsian,
12 Geraniums,

FLOWERS
10 Phloxes
12 Carnations
15 Hardy Catulps
12 Chrysanthemums
12 BEAUTIFUL
Ever-Blooming ROSES,
12 Tuberoses, 12 Gladiolus, 20 Verbenas,
15 Basket or Bedding Plants, 30 pk's Choice
Flower Seeds, 40 Sweet Chestnuts, etc., etc.

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18 Greenhouses. 39th Year.
Beautiful Catalogue of about 100 pages, free.
The famous Kieffer Hybrid Pear, \$1.50
LaCombe Pear, \$1; Champion
Quince, 75 cents; Japanese
Dwarf Chestnut, fruit im-
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50c and Queen's Mel-
berry, hardy as the
oak, very produc-
tive, 50c. Set
of 8 worth
\$4.10, only
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40 Large New Chromo Cards (1883 series), Gold & Silver,
assorted, name on, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.
50 Chromos, Latest Designs, no 2 alike, 10c. 13 packs \$1.
Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each
order. Album of Samples, 25c. E. D. Gilbert, Higganum Ct.
Sanitarium, Bloomsburg, Pa., the noted climate and rest
cure for Nervous Affections and Diseases of Women.

40 Lovely Chromos, name on, 1 Model Love Letter, 10
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30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on, 10 cts.
Sample Book, 25 cts. An Elegant New Year or Val-
entine Card, 10 cts. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N.J.
50 New and Very Choice Chromo Cards, name on, 10c.
Sample Book, 25c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' OUT-DOOR TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—The materials employed for the construction of this costume in the present instance are cashmere and silk of a fashionable tone of brown. The skirt hangs gracefully, and is made of silk. It is trimmed with a flounce of the same, shirred effectively to form a puff and tiny frill heading.

The over-dress is in polonaise fashion, and is made from the cashmere. It is exquisitely fitted by well curved darts and seams, and displays some novel and decidedly pretty features in its drapery. The front-drapery is all in one piece with the right front, the upper edge of the extended portion being secured to the lower part of the left front, which is only of basque depth. The right side of the drapery is caught high up by plaits, causing the lower edge to round diagonally to the left side, where the drapery is turned over in a long, three-cornered *revers*. Above the *revers* the drapery is plaited up prettily, the highest fold covering the attachment of the drapery. A row of small buttons is arranged along the front edge of the *revers*, and back of it is a row of braid ornaments graduated in size, which produce a stylish effect. The bottom of the front-drapery is bordered

with two rows of machine-stitching, and button-holes and buttons close the fronts. Braid ornaments decorate each front along the closing, and a military collar finishes the neck. The center seam of the back terminates at the top of an under-plait, which is formed a pretty distance below the waistline and amplifies the back-drapery fashionably. The drapery of the back is prettily looped at the sides and is stylishly *bouffant*. The coat sleeves fit closely, and machine-stitching and buttons simulate fancy cuffs at their wrists.

The cape is a novel and jaunty accessory to the toilette, and is of the cashmere lined with silk. It is fitted upon the shoulders by darts, and the right end is plaited closely and fastened below the left shoulder darts with hooks and loops under a pretty bow of ribbon. The left end is fastened to the overlapping side at the center of the front with hooks and loops, thus retaining the cape permanently in its becoming position. Two rows of machine-stitching border the lower edges.

The pattern to this costume is No. 8422. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents.

The poke hat has a smoothly covered velvet crown and a puffed velvet brim. Ostrich plumes provide a tasteful ornamentation.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' OUT-DOOR TOILETTE.

with two rows of machine-stitching, and button-

covered velvet crown and a puffed velvet brim. Ostrich plumes provide a tasteful ornamentation.



8422

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8422.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 10 yards of one material and 1½ yard of another, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This is Girls' costume No. 8437, the pattern to which is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires 5½ yards 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8445

LADIES' BOX-PLAITED SKIRT.

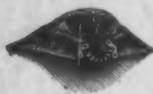
No. 8445.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 8½ yards of goods 22 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8440

Front View.

inches, bust measure. Cashmere, flannel of either plain or fancy variety, or any material suited to the construction of house jackets, may be made up in this way. For a lady of medium size, it requires 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8444

Front View.

LADIES' DRESSING SACK.

No. 8440.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46



8444

Back View.



8440

Back View.

LADIES' "MONK'S" HOOD.

No. 8444.—This hood is a fashionable accessory to a coat, Ulster or walking costume. To make it, needs ¾ yard of material 22 inches wide, with ¼ yard of silk 20 inches wide for lining. The pattern is in one size only, and costs 15 cents.

from
wrap
yards
good

**8129***Front View.*

LADIES'
No. 8429.—This stylish coat 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches

**8442****LADIES' COSTUME.**

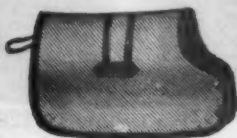
No. 8442.—For a lady of medium size, this costume needs $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material and 5 yards of another 22 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

**8429***Back View.*

COAT.
pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from make the coat for a lady of medium terial 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8441***Side-Front View.*

from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8446****LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 8441.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies

DOGS' BLANKET.

No. 8446.—This pattern is in 3 sizes from 8 to 14

**8441***Side-Back View.*

inches in length along the center of the back. In the construction of a blanket 11 inches long at the center, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide will be found necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



8419

Front View.



8419

Back View.

MISSSES' BASQUE.

No. 8419.—Dark green camel's-hair is the fabric used for the construction of this jaunty dress-body in the present instance, black Hercules braid decorating it in the tasteful manner represented. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is an especially pretty and stylish fashion for all sorts of dress goods in vogue. To make the basque for a miss of 12 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8427, the pattern to which is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8426

Front View.



8426

Back View.

CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 8426.—This jaunty little cloak is represented as made of heavy cloth of a fancy variety and decorated with platings of the same and pretty cord ornaments. Any cloaking fabric may be made up in this fashion, and any tasteful garniture may be substituted for that represented. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8430

Front View.



8430

Back View.

MISSSES' JACKET.

No. 8430.—The engravings represent a very stylish jacket that may be made up in any preferred variety of coating fabric. Plain lady's-cloth of a seal-brown color is used for it in the present instance, and, though the edges are unornamented, machine-stitching or braid-binding would be in good taste upon them. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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1883.

ARTHUR'S

1883.

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

ANOTHER MOVE FORWARD!

The increasing popularity of the HOME MAGAZINE is seen in its rapidly growing subscription-list, which is now larger, with a single exception, than that of any other literary monthly magazine in Philadelphia.

Exceptionally attractive as have been the numbers for 1882, we shall make the issues for the coming year still more so.

Identified with the people in all their home interests and social relations, the HOME MAGAZINE has been and will continue to be just what its name implies. It has always occupied a field especially its own, and meets a want which no other periodical supplies. Its pages are kept absolutely free from everything that can deprave the tastes or lower the moral sentiments.

As an inexpensive magazine of high character it has no rival.

Established over thirty years ago by T. S. Arthur, who still remains its editor, it has been during all that period a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and to-day has a stronger hold upon the people and is more popular than ever. Younger and fresher talent unite with the editor's maturer judgment in keeping the magazine always up to the advancing tastes and the home and social culture of the times.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The literature of the HOME MAGAZINE has always been of a high order. In the story department it is particularly attractive. While the merely sensational—using that term in a bad sense—is carefully avoided, its serial and shorter stories are distinguished for that interest, pathos, or fine sentiment which gives to fiction so powerful a hold upon the fancy and imagination.

Then it publishes finely illustrated articles on a great variety of subjects—Natural History, Travel, Science, Art, Literature, Biography, curious and notable things, etc.—thus offering in a pleasing and attractive form information on a large number of interesting matters.

HOME DEPARTMENTS.

Besides its story and other literary departments, a liberal portion of its pages is devoted to Home and Household affairs. Its "Home Circle," in which there is a pleasant discussion of all themes that may be of interest to thoughtful and cultivated readers, is especially attractive. Then there are "The Mothers' Department," "Art at Home," "Health Department," "Fancy Needlework," with illustrations; "Temperance Department," "Boys' and Girls' Treasury," "Fashion Notes," "Young Ladies' Department," "Hints for Housekeepers," "Evenings with the Poets," "Notes and Comments," etc., etc.

ART AT HOME.

In this special department of our magazine we shall devote during the next year considerable space to the subjects of home decoration, art-needlework, and the various branches of household art and home occupations which may be made both pleasant and remunerative. It will be under the care and direction of a person in full sympathy with the new developments in taste and art-culture which are doing so much to render our homes more beautiful and to furnish light and agreeable employment for hands which might else lie comparatively idle.

Through our purchasing department supplies of material for all kinds of decorative work can be obtained when desired, accompanied by such instruction as may be needed in their use.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

This department of our magazine will be made thoroughly practical. All the illustrations of needlework will be accompanied by intelligible descriptions.

Stamped patterns and designs for needlework and various styles of embroidery will be selected and forwarded. The lady in charge of this department will answer all inquiries in regard to cost of material for any desired article. In cases where the material and an appropriate design for some piece of ornamental needlework to be used in home decoration are wanted, she will, if the matter is left to her taste and experience, select both the design and material.

PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

With the new year we establish a purchasing and supply department in connection with our magazine, through which any one residing at a distance from the city may secure the services of a person of good taste and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles they may wish to obtain, such as wearing apparel, musical instruments, goods for household use and decoration, art materials, whether for painting, drawing, or fancy needlework, etc. See full particulars in the present number in regard to this new department, through which supplies of useful, fancy, and decorative articles of the best quality may be obtained at a moderate cost.

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Every number of the HOME MAGAZINE contains from four to eight pages of Butterick's Ladies' and Children's fashion illustrations with the prices at which we will furnish patterns of any of the garments illustrated. This feature of our magazine makes it of especial interest to ladies everywhere.

A SAFE MAGAZINE.

As we have said, the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE are "kept absolutely free from everything that can deprave the taste or lower the moral sentiments." It is, therefore, a safe magazine. It teaches virtue, economy, temperance, and neighborly good-will. Its aim is to promote happiness in the family through the cultivation of a spirit of kindness, service, and self-forgetfulness in each and every member of the household.


The steady increase in circulation from year to year marks its popularity with the people and shows how strong a hold it has gained and is still gaining upon a class of readers who unite with intelligence and good taste a high regard for what is pure and excellent in literature.


We shall make the numbers for the coming year the most attractive and beautiful that we have ever issued. The illustrations will be of a high order and compare favorably with those of any magazine published.

In a word, we shall add to our magazine every element of interest and value required for making it not only a welcome visitor, but one almost indispensable to every intelligent, progressive, and cultivated household in the land.


TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1883.


1 Copy, One Year,	\$2.00	3 Copies, One Year,	5.00
2 Copies, "	3.50	4 " " "	6.00
8 Copies, One Year, and one to Club-getter, 12.00			
Specimen Numbers, 10 Cents.			


 All new subscribers for 1883 will receive the November and December numbers of the magazine free, thus giving them the opening chapters of the serial story, "THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD," which was commenced in the November number.

 From four to eight pages of Butterick's fashion-illustrations, with prices of patterns, are given in every number.

 Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rate.

 It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

 Remit by Postal Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

 Be very careful in writing to give your post-office address and also that of your subscribers. Always give Town, County, and State.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,

.227 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIDE AWAKE, FOR DECEMBER.

GRAND HOLIDAY NUMBER. ELEGANT NEW COVER IN COLORS. BEGINNING THE NEW VOLUME,
THE LARGEST AND FINEST PICTORIAL MAGAZINE EVER ISSUED.

144 Large Quarto Pages, 150 Choice Pictures. Only 25 Cents.

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Engravers of rank also contribute to make the number notable; and the printing is of the highest class on the finest paper.

Ask your bookseller for it, or send twenty-five cents with order to

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An eight-page Weekly for Boys and Girls. Only 75 cents a year.

This delightful illustrated paper, edited by the author of the "Pansy" books, is equally suited to week-day and Sunday reading. A serial by the editor, "Pansy" will run through 1883, one of those inimitable stories that take hold of the people, sure to win new friends to this popular author, and to stimulate to the very highest of true, sincere living.

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No home where a baby laughs and coos can be complete without this dainty monthly. During the next year it will be more delightful than ever. It will have its musical jingles, and its sweet amusing stories of tiny men and women, and its large, beautiful pictures, as heretofore, and will be printed in the same large type and on the same heavy cream-tint paper. In addition, Mr. Barnes is preparing a novel series of twelve full page pictures illustrating "What Black Eyes and Blue Eyes Saw in Foreign Lands." A beautiful picture alphabet will run as a wee serial through the year. Send the address of your baby and your baby friends, and specimens will be sent them. Grand holiday number with cover in six colors, only 5 cents.

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Ballad of the Lost Hare. By Margaret Sidney. Quarto, boards, with artistic cover. Illustrated in colors, \$1.00.

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HIDE AND SEEK.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 2.



MORNING.

A WAKE! the morn is break-
ing;

My bonny bird, arise!
The world is darksome, darling,
Until you ope your eyes.
The winds blow sweet from ocean,
The skies are bright and blue,
And all the world is waiting,
My bonnie bird, for you—
My bonnie boy, my birdie sweet,
'Tis waiting now for you.

The flow'rets in your garden
Unclose their little eyes,
And nod their little heads to say
Good-morning to the skies.
The birdies in the branches
Are singing two and two,
And all the world is waiting,
My bonnie bird, for you—
My bonnie boy, my birdie sweet,
'Tis waiting now for you.

NOON.

PATTERING, pattering,
Over the sands,
What has my boy
In his dimpled hands?

VOL. LI.—6.

A little boat
On a pond to float;
A little boat
In his dimpled hands.

Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Who will be first—
Mother or he?
Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Chattering, chattering,
Mother and he.

Somebody's sailing
Over the sea,
Back to his home
To his boy and me.

He'll soon be here,
On the old brown pier,
Soon be here
With his boy and me.

Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Who will be first—
Mother or he?
Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Chattering, chattering,
Mother and he.

NIGHT.

NOW night is over land and
sea,
All the weary world at rest,
And my boy is sleeping peace-
fully,
My birdie in his nest;
And the tender moonlight gleams
On his sweet and placid brow;
He whispers "Mother" in his
dreams—
He is dreaming of me now.

(77)



HIDE AND SEEK

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 2.



MORNING.

A WAKE! the morn is break-
ing;

My bonny bird, arise!
The world is darksome, darling,
Until you ope your eyes.
The winds blow sweet from ocean,
The skies are bright and blue,
And all the world is waiting,
My bonnie bird, for you—
My bonnie boy, my birdie sweet,
'Tis waiting now for you.

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dreams—
He is dreaming of me now.

(77)

And ever, in the years to be,
 When I am gone away,
 I know that he'll remember me,
 And all his childhood's play.
 When the tender moonlight gleams
 On his grave and thoughtful brow,
 He'll whisper "Mother" in his dreams
 As lovingly as now.

The Changing Year.

THE ODD SENTENCE.

"I SHALL go," he said, with a frown. "It will pass an hour away."

"Very well," answered the young wife. "Good-bye, Maurice."

And then she went on patiently with her sewing; and if she did give a very small sigh, Maurice did not hear it, for it was lost in the noise which he made with the door, and Carrie did not know whether he had answered her good-bye or not.

And then she was alone.

She looked very neat and pretty—she generally did; but her face was rather sad now.

The room in which she sat, though small, was in the very nicest of order, the hearth clean-swept, and the fire burning brightly. But of what use was it all? Carrie felt inclined to ask herself. She had hoped, and tried, and waited; but Maurice was just as cold and unkind as ever.

She had married him—such a short, and yet such a long time ago, it seemed—because he had asked her and because she had loved him; and it had never occurred to her until lately that possibly he might not have loved her, even though he had asked her to marry him.

"But now I know that he did not," she murmured, sorrowfully, to herself. "Just one word—and one look told me."

And letting her work fall on her lap, she sat in silence, thinking deeply.

But presently a little cry sounded—a tiny, helpless wail, and Carrie started up, and a happy, anxious color flushed into her face in a moment.

She hurried up-stairs.

"My baby?" she uttered, softly. "At least I have my baby boy! And I will hope on for all besides."

Disregarding conscience-stings, Maurice went on his way.

He chose to think that he was poor; and he was inwardly, at every step he took, bewailing his hard lot, and his dull and cramped and narrow and—as he considered it—even narrowing existence.

And where was he going?

To spend the evening with some old friends, who were—or he would have said so—far better off than himself. He had not yet learned that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And he lost the enjoyment he might well have taken in what he had in the folly of forever regretting all that he had not.

A few minutes later he had taken his accustomed place in a large and pleasant family sitting-room, and was talking and laughing with his friends, and their young sisters, as gayly as possible.

But while he talked, his glance wandered round the room, and rested again and again on the mantle-shelf.

He knew the apartment well, and had often compared it with his own tiny parlor at home, much to the disparagement of the latter. He knew every article of furniture and almost every ornament. At what, then, was he looking?

At a slate with a very pretty, ornamental frame, which hung in a conspicuous position over the mantle-shelf. On it was written in chalk in a neat, round hand, the words:

"Made to tread those steps with sorrow which I might have trod with delight."

Maurice read the sentence again and again. He could not keep his eyes from it.

Presently the youngest daughter of the house—Annie by name—a lively girl of thirteen or fourteen, ran into the room. She was a favorite with Maurice, and he with her.

"What is your opinion of our last new idea?" was almost her first question as she gave a little nod in the direction of the slate. "We all think it lovely!"

And then, scarcely waiting for any reply, she chatted fluently on, giving a detailed account of "the odd sentence," as she called it, from beginning to end.

"And so," concluded she at length, "every day, directly the clock in the hall has done striking twelve, any one who pleases may write a fresh sentence on the slate. Something really sensible and useful, of course, or papa will not allow it to remain. I have chosen something for to-morrow if I can only get the chance of writing it. I will show it to you!"

And she ran away, to return the next minute with a school-book of extracts, in which she found and pointed out to Maurice the following:

"If we examine the results of forbearance, and contrast them with the results of impatience, irritability, and intolerance, the balance will be found to be all on one side. Restraint in the expression of unpleasant feelings or harsh thoughts is the foundation-stone on which many a happy home and many near and dear friendships are built."

Maurice read every word much more attentively

and thoughtfully than Annie had expected him to do.

"I think you like our idea," she said.

Maurice replied that he liked it particularly.

"Papa says," Miss Annie once more continued, "that it will improve all our minds and make us think; and that we can never tell who besides ourselves may read the 'odd sentence' for the day, nor where its influence may end."

"The influence will spread, and so will the example, which I shall follow, for one," said Maurice.

And Annie was delighted.

Much earlier than usual Maurice was on his way home, still endeavoring, as he went, to digest the odd sentence, "Made to tread those steps with sorrow which he might have trod with delight." Oh! yes! it would be just so with him—he knew that very well—if he did not take care; for our lives, as he reminded himself, are a great deal more in our own hands than we are inclined to believe.

He had a pleasant, neat little home, a kind, loving, thrifty, industrious young wife, and a dear little son. He had youth and health and strength and easy employment, with good prospect of advancement. And he had actually been thinking in his heart of giving up at least half of these blessings and going to seek wealth and imaginary content in a foreign land.

Why, how foolish he had been! He saw it now. That "odd sentence" had been the means of pointing it out to him. Going on simply and patiently in the safe and right way before him, he would tread his path with delight. But if he gave way to the host of foolish, unmanly, impatient, murmuring thoughts that had so beset him of late, those same steps, fair and untrodden before him now, would very probably have presently to be taken in bitter repentance and sorrow.

"No," he said to himself, as he was nearing his own door, "Carrie belongs to me, and I to her; and I will not leave her even for a time, to struggle on alone, when there is no real need. What good would money do me if I came back

by and by to find home and hearth desolate? Home joys need keeping alive—need cherishing as well as winning. I wonder I never thought of that before. How can I be sure that my wife's love would outlast my desertion? How can I tell whether, after carelessly leaving behind me the



best and truest delights which this world can give, I might not have to wander over the world in loneliness and regret for the remainder of my days?"

Night was drawing on, but Carrie still sat with her baby in her arms. By and by the little clock on the mantle-shelf struck the half-hour after nine.

"So late!" she murmured, glancing up. "But"—bending softly over her sleeping child and kissing its little face, soft as velvet—"your mother has has not been wasting the time, baby!"

No, for Carrie had also had her perplexities and

vexations to think over and to unravel, and her decision to arrive at. Moreover, she had arrived at it.

And now the disturbed frown which had been there all the evening cleared away from her brow, and she appeared quite disposed to be cheerful.

And next she stole up-stairs with her baby boy, and quickly down again, to put away her work and to stir and mend the fire and to sweep the hearth, and make everything look neat and bright and pleasant again.

"It is of no use to take so much notice of trifles," said the little woman to herself, "as if this life were all. I must go on and do the best I can. To find fault and to fret and to look dull and doleful whenever Maurice comes in will certainly not make him care more for me; but——"

She paused—for she had heard her husband's step. And with a glad light in her eyes she sprang up from her kneeling position on the hearth, and met him with a bright smile; and he kissed her fondly and (to her secret surprise) appeared as cheerful as herself.

"One word and one look" of her husband's, as she had said to herself, had opened her eyes to the fact that he had not married her exactly for love. And she had wished, with strong feelings of anger and jealousy combined, to inquire further into particulars. But her decision had been to say nothing more about the matter.

"I am not clever," she had thought to herself; "I do not know how to win love easily, as some women do; and I cannot think and think, so hard and so long—my thoughts only get into confusion. I shall just try to be always cheerful, and never to descend to reproaches, for if 'reproaches break friendships,' as they are said to do, they must surely break love also."

So she had thought a few hours before, as she had sat there all alone with her baby in her arms, and so she was thinking still as she stood now by her husband's side.

Their eyes met; he put his arm around her, and then, as though he had seen her thoughts, he told her all she had wished to know.

He had, in plain words, married Carrie in a fit of pique. He had loved, and for a short time had been engaged to, a girl who had unconcernedly given him up for a richer man.

But Carrie had been always true.

He said so with his eyes as well as with his lips at the end of his story. He and she had been friends from childhood.

And, in conclusion, he begged her forgiveness, which, it is perhaps needless to say, she gave him freely.

And, after a short silence, Maurice drew from his pocket a slate, which he had purchased on his way home, and, hanging it up over the little clock, he wrote upon it the following:

"That is best which lieth nearest."

"Happiness is often overlooked in searching for it."

And ever after that slate appeared to Carrie almost as the face of a friend. For Maurice, though he was but human, and therefore stumbled and fell and felt inclined to despair sometimes, kept on the whole to his resolution and persevered bravely in the better way toward which "the odd sentence" had been as a guiding finger.

And it was presently easy to foresee for him a prosperous future, for he did not now (in effect, if not in words) say, "I see a better path and I know how good it is, but I follow ever the worse." He not only saw the good path, but he strove daily and hourly to pursue it.

And then, too, though he had been cold and ungrateful for so long, he was one of those men whom, to quote a well-known author, "it makes strong and happy to be loved back again." He loved Carrie now, and he knew that she wholly and truly returned his affection; and the two worked heart and hand together in building up their lives and the lives of their children; and this halved the labor, but doubled the joy.

Also, in their new and far happier way of life, be sure that they both owed not a little to "the odd sentence," which appeared unfailingly on the slate over the mantle-shelf day by day.

JEANIE, HOMEWARD DRIVE THE COWS.

JEANIE, homeward drive the cows,

Ere the sinking sun has set,

Ere the dew the earth has wet,

While the west is glowing yet,

Slowly drive them home.

Through the forest, oh! so fair,

Leaves of summer rustling there,

O'er the footpath, worn and bare,

Slowly drive them home.

Through the forest's waning light,

Through the forest dimly bright,

While around thee falls the night,

Slowly drive them home.

With the birds' song on thine ear,

"Whip-poor-will!" so sweet and clear,

Those strange words thou lovest to hear

Driving cattle home.

With thy young, warm heart aglow

With the beauties earth doth show,

Drinking in them, as they flow

From our Father's hand.

With thy face lit up with bliss—

Is it this world's happiness?

'Tis the heavenly part of this;

Jeanie, drive them home.

GRACIE HOLMES.



THE SNOW.

HOW beautiful is a winter landscape with its enveloping veil of snow! The trees stripped of their leaves, and the ground denuded of its grass and flowers, would look very bare without the friendly ermine; and the buildings of the village, instead of appearing cozy and picturesque, would seem very bleak and desolate. The snow, like Charity's mantle, covers dirt and ugliness. Then observe the decided contrast between the pure white of the drifts, the clear blue of the sky, and the gold-and-silver radiance of the winter starlight and moonlight. One's love of color may sometimes be further satisfied by an occasional gleam of green in a tossing pine or fir-tree.

A snow-picture induces us readily to pass to general reflections concerning the snow. Are snow and winter synonymous terms? Many people seem to imagine so—they have never thought of snow in summer, and in winter none at all. But the snow is very unevenly distributed over the globe. In countries near the North and South Poles it remains all the year round; it falls occasionally in temperate latitudes; and in the Torrid Zone it is seen only on the tops of high mountains. So, while in some lands people travel altogether in sleighs, in others they do not know what such vehicles are, and we look upon the use of one as merely an occasional luxury.

Most of our young people like the snow—but some complain of its cold and discomfort. What

would the latter think of a lady who would have given any sum of money for such a fall as the village in the engraving has had? There was once a queen who reigned over a warm country, and who, from reading of sleigh rides, desired to enjoy one. She imported sleigh, bells, and fur robes, but with all her royalty she could not order a snow-storm. However, she commanded the public square to be strewn with a good depth of salt, and here she rode round and round until the salt melted and left her sleigh standing on the bare pavement.

Snow-drops, snow-berries, snow-birds, snow-buntings—how many plants and animals have received their names either from points of resem-

blance to the snow, or their habits of living perhaps in regions of perpetual cold! Have you ever heard of the red snow of Greenland and Iceland? This is really a minute red moss or lichen, which forms upon the surface of the snow, sometimes completely covering vast areas. Jean Ingelow in her poem, "When Sparrows Build," alludes to it in these words:

"Like scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads."

Is it necessary, in speaking of snow, to allude to winter sports—snow-balling, snow-statues, sledging, and coasting? Do our boys and girls need to be told how to make "snow ice-cream," by filling a dish with snow and adding a sufficiency of milk and sugar, the confection to be eaten immediately without waiting for any preliminary process of freezing? You all know how the Esquimaux live in snow-huts; how the Indians and backwoods settlers walk over deep snows safely, on immense snow-shoes, and how the trappers build huge barricades of snow around themselves and their camp-fires, as a protection against cold and wild beasts.

But do you know what snow is—that is, of what it is composed and how it is formed? It is simply frozen dew or moisture, and it occurs wherever the atmosphere falls below the freezing point, 32° Fahrenheit, provided, of course, it is sufficiently damp. It probably forms every day in the year, over any part of the earth, in the upper strata of the air—but it always melts as soon as it reaches a warmer region. This is why it may fall on high mountains, while the valleys immediately below receive none—the air on the mountains is colder than that in the valleys. Flakes of snow, when examined, are found to be light, delicate, and feathery, of singular and beautiful shapes, some resembling stars, some wheels, and some combinations of geometrical figures. A story, perhaps meant to be funny, relates that a certain expedition to the summit of Mt. Washington in mid-winter was not considered a failure because one of its members discovered a snow-flake of a form then undescribed.

Snow is frequently mentioned in history and literature, ancient and modern. We can all recall several beautiful passages in the Bible alluding to it, and nearly all our English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have made it figure largely in their descriptions. The heavy snow added much to the tragic sufferings of our American soldiers at Valley Forge. The Empress of Russia built an imposing palace of snow and ice, in which, amid mocking splendor, she imprisoned some of her enemies whom she wished to destroy. The snow overcame the mighty conqueror, Napoleon, whom man could hardly vanquish. But it would be impossible to go into detail. The literature of snow would form a good-sized library. M.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

I WALKED the beaten pathway
When the morning light was fair,
And heard the grasses talking
To the waves of fragrant air;
And their tones were like to echoes
Of the wind that stirred the leaves,
Or like to lightsome zephyrs
That kissed the cottage eaves—
And the words they whispered to me
Mid the fragrance interwove,
Fell in accents rare and gracious,
"God is love, is love."

I knelt among the lilies
In a garden wide and sweet,
And the roses dropped their petals
Down to my wayward feet.
The place was full of incense
By fragrant breezes fanned;
The very clouds seemed censers
Swung by an angel hand,
And a prayer rose softly round me
As to spirit blooms above,
While the meaning came in odors,
"God is love, is love."

I stood where leaves were talking
In the dim, mysterious wood,
And my heart bowed down in reverence,
For I knew His works were good;
I dared not break the converse
With the sound of human voice;
For it seemed all things were praying,
And the world could but rejoice.
And the psalm that stirred the stillness,
Through the greenness interwove,
Fell in grandly restful measures
"God is love, is love."

Out by the shining waters,
Of the river hurrying by,
I saw the jeweled wavelets
Lifting white hands to the sky;
And the rippling tones fell softly
To a lullaby of rest,
Till I longed for the glad spirit
And the joy I once possessed.
And the silvery flash of waters
Held the music from above,
And every wave sang gently,
"God is love, is love."

Then I stood within my cottage,
The vines ran o'er the eaves,
And the morning-glory blossoms
Toyed with their silken leaves,
And the ivy vines clung lightly
To the old and mossy wall,
The cottage seemed enchanted
With the blue sky over all;
And the music filled its borders
(Stray echoes from above),
While the very air seemed trilling
"God is love, is love."

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

SOME TROPICAL PLANTS.

WE place before the readers of this number of the HOME MAGAZINE two illustrations representing groups of tropical plants, living originals of which may be seen in the fine collection at Horticultural Hall, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

In the midst of each illustration is a valuable palm-tree, while the plants composing the background are so life-like as to be readily identified. In fig. No. 1, the principal tree is the *Cycas revoluta*, or sago-palm; the small, fern-like tree beneath it is the *Phœnix dactylifera*, or date-palm; the plant with clustered leaves is the *Aralia papyrifera*, or rice-paper tree, and the remaining plant is one of the many species of *Dracœna*, the famous dragon's blood. Fig. No. 2 contains as its chief member the *Livingstonia sinensis*, or one variety of fan-palm; the large, heart-shaped leaves are those of a species of *Caladium*, one of which is more familiarly known as elephant's ear; the long, broken leaves belong to the *Musa sapientum*, or banana-tree; the finer foliage in the picture indicates the presence of the *Ficus elastica*, or India-rubber tree; in front is a small date-palm.

The first mentioned of these plants, *Cycas revoluta*, the sago-palm, does not belong to the palm family proper, neither is it the true sago-tree producing the sago of commerce. It is chiefly noted for the elegance of its form, and on this account is a great favorite in conservatories. Its different varieties are natives of Australia, Polynesia, and Asia. They do produce a sort of sago much esteemed in the countries to which they are indigenous, but of which we see little. They also yield a kind of gum said to be of medicinal value.

Phœnix dactylifera, the date-palm, is confined chiefly to Northern Africa and Southern Asia. It is noticeable for its fern-like leaves, and, as it grows older, for its tall trunk, covered with the scars of fallen branches. It attains to a great height and lives many years. Its fruit, though known to us chiefly as a luxury, is the staple article of food among a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Eastern Continent, and even their animals partake of it in surprising quantities. Not the fruit alone, but almost every portion of this useful tree, is of value to the inhabitants of the countries in which it grows. The leaves are employed for building huts; the wood for more substantial houses; the fibres for making ropes and coarse cloth; the stalks, for brooms and baskets—while the young leaves afford a vegetable; the sap, a beverage, and the hard stones, ground into flour, a food for camels. The leaves of the date-palm are supposed to be the "palm-branches" carried by the people who met our Saviour upon His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

The *Aralia papyrifera*, or rice-paper tree, is

closely allied to our well-known medicinal herb, ginseng. This plant is a low tree, a native of Southern China, and, like our small varieties of *Aralia*, bears its flowers in umbels, or umbrella-shaped clusters. The stems are filled with fine, white pith, which, when cut, form what is known as rice paper, large quantities of which are used in China in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

Of the genus *Dracœna* there are several species, the most celebrated being the dragon's blood, so called from a dark-red resin which it exudes, and which from early ages has been esteemed as a medicine. The plant grows very slowly, lives to



CYCAS REVOLUTA.

a great age, and sometimes reaches an immense size. It does not branch until quite advanced in years, but adds to its growth simply by thickening the stems of its broad, grass-like leaves. The *Dracœna* is a native of the Canary Islands, and its gum has for centuries formed one of their principal exports. The leaves of some varieties are beautifully marked and colored, and they are chiefly valued by people of temperate climes as foliage plants, but with us they are usually cultivated in their first or early stage, that is, before they have branched, which they seldom do prior to the thirtieth year. One famous *Dracœna* in the town of Orotava, in the Canaries, was a giant among trees. It measured seventy feet in height and forty-eight in circumference, and by all accounts must have been older than the Pyramids

of Egypt. Unfortunately, the tree was totally destroyed by a hurricane in 1867.

Livistona sinensis is remarkable for being one of the tallest of palm-trees, sometimes attaining a height of a hundred feet. Other varieties of *Liv-*

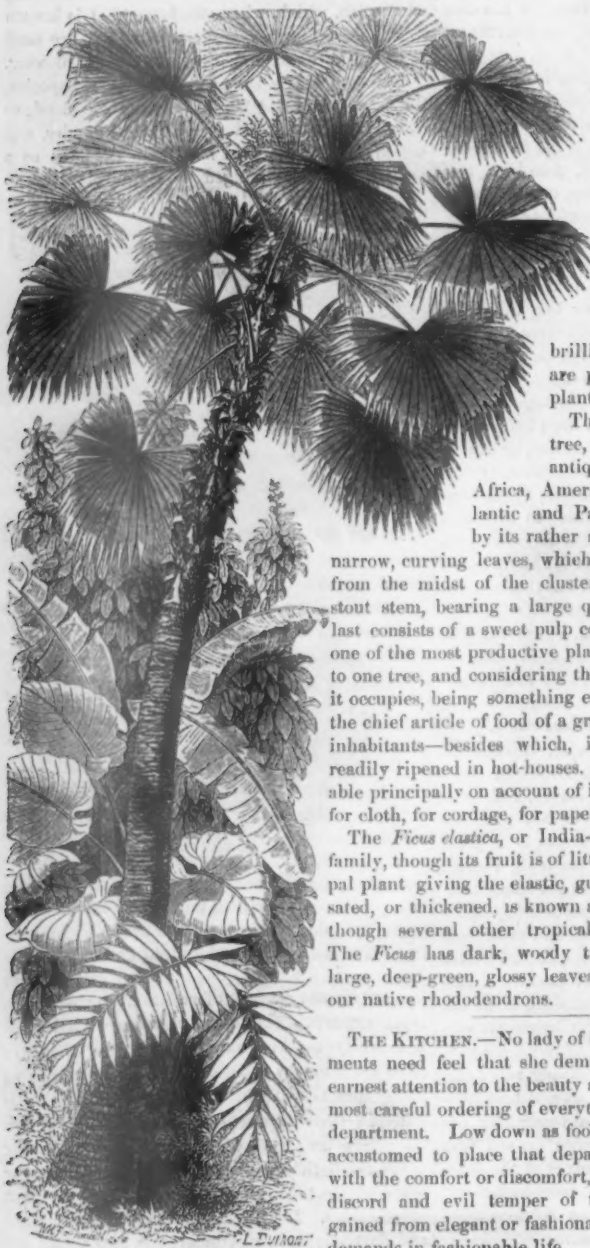
istona seldom exceed thirty feet—but all are distinguished by their large, round, fringed leaves, which are readily converted into fans. The leaves when unexpanded are also boiled and eaten like cabbage, and the fibres of the older ones are used for making hats. These magnificent palms are indigenous to Southern China, the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and Australia.

The *Caladiums*, or elephant's ears, are related to our own Indian turnip, also to another tropical order, the *Alocasias*. The calla lily is a good example of this family. All the members thereof are distinguished by tall stems and large, heart-shaped leaves, some of which are of immense size, and many brilliantly colored *Caladiums* with us are particularly esteemed as foliage-plants.

The *Musa sapientum*, or banana-tree, has been cultivated from remote antiquity in all tropical parts of Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is recognized by its rather short, simple stem and its long, narrow, curving leaves, which readily split into sections, and from the midst of the clustered stalks of which droops one stout stem, bearing a large quantity of ear-like fruit, which last consists of a sweet pulp covered with a soft rind. This is one of the most productive plants known, the yield of bananas to one tree, and considering the limited space of ground which it occupies, being something enormous. The delicious fruit is the chief article of food of a great proportion of earth's human inhabitants—besides which, it can be easily exported and readily ripened in hot-houses. But though the *Musa* is valuable principally on account of its fruit, it produces also material for cloth, for cordage, for paper, and for medicine.

The *Ficus elastica*, or India-rubber tree, belongs to the Fig family, though its fruit is of little importance. It is the principal plant giving the elastic, gummy juice, which, when inspissated, or thickened, is known as caoutchouc, or India rubber—though several other tropical trees yield a similar product. The *Ficus* has dark, woody trunk and branches and rather large, deep-green, glossy leaves, somewhat resembling those of our native rhododendrons.

THE KITCHEN.—No lady of the highest talent or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home and the most careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department. Low down as foolish ideas of gentility have been accustomed to place that department, it has much more to do with the comfort or discomfort, the peace and happiness, or the discord and evil temper of the whole family than can be gained from elegant or fashionable parties and all that etiquette demands in fashionable life.



LIVISTONA SINENSIS.

HOAR-FROST.

HARDLY more beautiful are woods and trees
In summer's gay exuberance than now,
Brightening at sunrise, while a gentle
breeze

Plays through the ringlets gracing Nature's
brow,

And kindling radiance glows o'er hills and leas.

The short-lived glory of the glittering rime

Illumes the weeping willow and white birch

With rich fantastic forms, and the tall lime

Is robed in affluence, while the ivied church

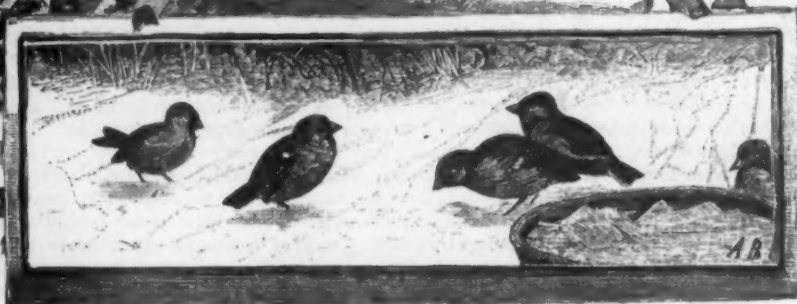
Wears jewels as it rings the morning chime.

The crisp white clothing, elegantly chaste,

Melts into diamonds exquisitely bright,

Flashing in sunshine brief—but falls in haste,

Thawed into genial rain-drops, pure as light.



"IN THE CLOUDS."

FEW of us, young or old, are without some love of pictures, and we may be thankful for the abundant supply given in Nature's picture-gallery. It is true we need the "observing eye," or we shall fail to discover them; but with a little attention and imagination there will be found gratification for all tastes.

Snow-clad mountains, standing like guardians around the placid lake or piled up in endless succession until lost in the shadowy distance; wide blue seas dotted with islands, bold rocks, dark, frowning precipices overhanging gloomy ravines, castle-crowned peaks—all these for the lover of the picturesque; grotesque forms of men and animals for the humorously inclined; phantom forms or winged angels for those whose fancy lends itself most readily to picture the unknown; whilst glorious hues of crimson, gold, and purple in varying tints of loveliness unsurpassed on earth make the veriest fairy-scene of our pictures in cloud-land!

Shall we try, then, to learn just a little of the history and doings of these marvelous messengers from God?—for such indeed are all His works, and great will be the loss if we neglect to give heed to them!

May I venture to ask you to turn your attention earthward, to something very commonplace?

From cloudland to a tea-kettle! What a descent! Yet no easier illustration of the formation of a cloud can I give you than that oft-used one, the steam issuing from the spout of a kettle of boiling water.

Water, like everything else, is formed of atoms held together by the power of cohesion, by which the particles are drawn toward and cling to each other. When these get heated they are inclined to part, and at last begin to fly out of the spout; directly, however, they get into cooler air they are chilled, and again they draw together, thus producing the steam, which, if we catch some of it in a cold glass or cup, we shall see return to water as it gets cooler. A process very similar to this takes place in the making of a cloud.

In considering a sunbeam we find that besides the tiny waves that form the light there are others larger and invisible, ranged at the side of the red waves—namely, those of heat, which come to earth less quickly than the rays of light, but are not so liable to be turned aside from their straight course. One of the many, many tasks they have to perform is that of drawing up invisible watery vapor from the earth—from seas, rivers, lakes, ice, anywhere that water may be found. This vapor as it rises into cooler air gets chilled, and the atoms, clinging more closely together, form the mist and the damp fog. Of this vapor also the dew is composed. The earth takes

in and retains a great amount of heat during the day, but sending it forth again at night, its waves come in contact with the cooler surface, and being chilled, its myriad miniature water-drops are scattered abroad, looking as though a shower of diamonds had fallen. These brilliants are more thickly clustered on some spots than on others; thus we notice that the blades of grass are profusely bedecked with them, whilst the gravel path scarcely shows any signs of dew. This is caused by the grass having much less power of retaining the heat-waves, and so returning them more rapidly than the gravel, which parts with them very slowly.

But we must now begin to speak more especially of the clouds themselves. When the vapor which the sun's rays have drawn upward gets caught among the air-atoms, it gathers them into those different graceful forms so familiar to us, the watery particles being sufficiently chilled to cling together in masses, and in this state they are carried over sea and land, traveling long distances upborne by the winds and currents of air. At times they appear stationary, but in reality there is always some change taking place among their atoms. As the clouds are wafted along they meet with various vicissitudes, productive of different important results. Upon their journey it may be they rest themselves awhile upon some cold mountain-top, and the chilled particles, drawing nearer to each other, form into rain-drops, and becoming too heavy for the air to hold up, they fall in rain. Or perhaps their way takes them through a very cold wind, or they meet with other currents of air laden with moisture, and the accumulation of vapor is too great for the atmosphere to sustain, when a similar result follows. Should it so happen that when the rain-drops are *already* formed they pass into an extremely cold air which freezes them, they fall in hail; but if this occurs whilst the vapor is still in the form of invisible gas—the atoms of which have no power, or very little, of cohesion—they become the little six-sided or pointed crystals called snow, and make a winter mantle to keep Mother Earth and her plant children warm.

Thus have we traced our clouds from earth to sky and back again, a perpetual busy round, each tiny atom doing its own little share faithfully and well, without which the great work would fail. Has not one well said, "It is but the littleness of men that seeth no greatness in trifles?"

WHEN the world blames and slanders us, our business is not to be vexed at it, but rather to consider whether there is any foundation for it, any truth at bottom, though there be exaggeration and mistake. A person may always gain instruction and useful suggestion by the world's mistakes about him.

JAPANESE AND CHINESE BRONZES.*

PROBABLY the most enduring specimens of Oriental design, and certainly the most authentic in respect of antiquity, the art-bronzes of China and Japan present many interesting patterns which, to the student of Oriental art in its relation to analogous arts of the West, cannot fail to prove suggestive—not only as regards the character of the metal or alloy, but also in relation to *technique*, and the skill, ingenuity, and art-power of their producers. It is not too much to say that in this perfection of adaptation of means to a given end there are no examples of art in metal that approach the Japanese in the

especially questions arise which, however interesting to the antiquarian, are of little or no practical interest to the artist or worker in bronze. That the Chinese practiced working in bronze ages before the Japanese is indisputable; in fact, some authorities state that bronze was unknown in Japan before the eighth century of the Christian era. It is certain, too, that the Chinese—some of whose bronzes date back, according to good authorities, to 700 and even 1,000 B. C.—had to gradually develop the art from very primitive methods, and that the larger works had to be hammered together rather than cast in one piece, or, if in several pieces, fired together. The Japanese had none of those early difficulties to



INCENSE-BURNER: JAPANESE.

final result. The artist-modeler of the design to be cast in bronze appears to have foreseen every point of difficulty—sometimes, indeed, to have created difficulties for himself, in order to have at once the satisfaction and the credit of having overcome them. There is never anywhere the faintest trace of a reliance upon some after method to correct any fault or oversight. The subject and the mode of final production have been carefully and thoroughly thought out from the beginning; and the result is always the same—that, whatever the difficulty, the artist is triumphant. So much for the method.

As regards the antiquity of the Japanese bronzes

contend with. Chinese methods were carried to Japan by Chinese artists, or possibly by Japanese who, having gone to China and practiced working in bronze by the Chinese methods, carried their experience back to their own country. In Japan, therefore, the art began almost at the point of practice and *technique* to which the Chinese had brought it after centuries of work.

The extent to which the Japanese carried the art of working in bronze is not one of the least remarkable features of industry whose products appear to have spread to every nook and corner of the island. The temples, of course, absorbed great quantities of statues, incense-burners, vases, and other vessels used in the ceremonials of Buddhism. Bells, too—of enormous size, and almost without

* Magazine of Art.

number—were to be found in some of the larger temples. Examples of some of these bells are in the South Kensington Museum; they are of great interest by reason of their inscriptions, of prayers and pious ejaculations, which the sounding of the bell on which they were figured would send abroad as the very utterances of the devout. Immense statues of Buddha, or of beings in a state of contemplation approaching to the perfection of Buddha and the attainment of *nirvana*, are now and then to be found.

The illustration on this page is from one of the smaller objects in bronze among the countless treasures at South Kensington. It is an incense-burner in the form of a conventional peacock, the mythical Ho-Ho of Japan. The admirable spirit with which the bird is represented shows how well the Japanese understood the characteristics of birds. This power of representation—in drawings, paintings, lacquer-work, and porcelain—has always been recognized; and we find the same skill

full of true expression. The technique of the casting is such as would certainly puzzle a very able molder in metal to imitate, especially in the treatment of the tail feathers. In the centre of the back of the bird is a perforated lid to admit of placing the incense inside.

Another incense-burner, figured in our first picture, is a remarkable contrast in treatment and general effect. It is in the form of a mule, saddled, bridled, and draped with rich housings. The animal is represented with cloven hoofs, and the bronze rests on a wooden base inlaid with a meander pattern in silver. The variegated effects of the trappings—produced by painting in colors and gold—give this work a singularly Spanish look and suggest the effects produced by Spanish artists in their painted and gilt wood-carvings. The minuteness with which the details of the housings are carried out is so thoroughly Japanese that, supposing the artist to have imitated an example of Spanish wood-carving, he certainly has carried his work very far beyond his original. It would, indeed, be difficult to carry it further. I should add that the bronze is so exceptional in its treatment as to stand well-nigh alone in relation to other Japanese bronzes. The seat of the saddle is highly decorated and forms the lid of the incense-burner.

The naturalism of the Japanese, and to a certain extent of the Chinese, has had a most misleading effect on the bronze-workers of Europe. The few



INCENSE-BURNER: JAPANESE.

in adapting the treatment to metal. There is nothing mechanical or merely imitative in the modeling. The artist perfectly well knew that his material would only allow him to suggest the arrangement and texture of the feathers, and he has not carried his imitation beyond the requisite point; yet the details, as well as the general aspect, are all perfect. The head of the bird is

specimens which found their way to the West during the early part and middle of the last century were just sufficient to excite the not very commendable ambition of the French and subsequently of the English workers in brass and in bronze. From an extravagant reproduction of plant forms and other attempts at realism European design in cast metal declined to a mere mechanical imitation of natural forms in a material utterly unsuitable to their artistic representation. I need not further remark on the worthlessness of the result.

The Chinese vase which we engrave has been selected for its character in design and for its perfect adaptation to the material in which it is produced and to the method of production. It is an incense-burner, or vase, in copper, having squared handles and three short feet. The stand is composed of an admirably conventionalized leaf arrangement. It has a solid and massive appearance, suggestive of size or grandeur, but it is only

five and a half inches high by a little over six inches in diameter. The incised or engraved decoration on the body of the vessel is peculiarly Chinese, and the vessel forms a contrast to our Japanese examples.

bee. You have to look close in order to distinguish him from his surroundings, yet there he is, honey-deep in that flower-cup, apparently as though he meant to dive, emerge, and then dive again.



VASE, OR INCENSE-BURNER: CHINESE.

A BIRTHDAY HERE AND A BIRTHDAY THERE.

MELLOW, serene September" fastened another knot in the "silver cord" of my years. The day was like a dream of beauty. From dawn to starlight it was rare and sweet and brought me many precious gifts. Among these gifts there came to me from "Hearts of Gold," from my own, a yellow canary in a cage almost as pretty as himself. The little creature is as tame as tame can be, and is the loveliest color conceivable. His singing is the perfection of bird music. There's the lark, the lute, the tinkle of summer rills, and all sorts of sweetnesses combined. He is a moving, breathing melody, a ray of sunshine wintry storms cannot hide, a flower that never closes, and to which all seasons are the same,

"An airy, fairy, fitting thing,
A blossom loosed and on the wing."

Lou gave me an odd bit of coloring in the shape of a birthday card. It took her fancy straightway, and mine too. Blossom and leaf are a bronze-brown green, with golden-brown tints and shadings. One of the most natural looking insects I ever saw on paper burrows in the heart of one of these quaint blossoms. It is a tiny, gold-bellied

Following close upon this day and its loving gifts came a token for my little room from an appreciative heart near the "City of Spindles." Thanks, my friend, your pretty gift shall have a place among the

"Few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined."

Let me whisper to you and to others who admire my little story entitled "A Dinner of Herbs:" it is founded on fact. Some day I may write the sequel, may tell how the sweet life-history closed upon these earthly scenes to open only in the Paradise of God.

My birthday brought me flower-cards fragrant with sweet heart-wishes from the "Garden of Girls" across the way.

Anne's card shows me violets so natural I almost fancy I see dewdrops in their tender eyes this rain-wet day. Two exquisitely tinted leaves cross these flower-stems, reminding me of an autumnal afternoon when, while leaf-banners brilliant as these waved over us, Lou and I found violets in the Park. Maggie and Mary gave me what the little folks call "cross cards." They contain:

"The wondrous Cross of Jesus."

Upon one rests a blush rose with a tiny bud, clusters of mignonette, and shaded leaves. Upon the other are curdy masses of "snowball" and a

crimson rose from which one leaflet like a blood-drop falls. These exquisitely beautiful symbols remind me that I am not my own; my years, be they many or few, are not mine; I am "bought with a price."

Ida sent a medallion card as dainty as herself. It contains four delicately tinted pictures; one, a laughing beauty peeping from behind a mask representing a venerable dame, brings to mind one of Whittier's exquisite poems. The Quaker bard says that

"While the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mold,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old."

He then goes on to tell us how

"Wasted hope and care and pain
Shapes the strange guise the soul doth wear
Till her young life looks forth again."

Louisa's card wafts me, pale wind-flowers, a white and gold dot of a daisy, a sprinkle of ferns and golden-brown leaves, and, in the background, deeper leaf-strokes and shadowy fern fronds, like delicate etchings from fairy-land.

On this card, marked Rose, lies the tender flush of her own lovely namesakes, their soft sunrise pinks overrunning the green of their circling leaves. Sweet wildwood roses! they seem almost

"Alive with dainty grace."

Many, very many thanks, Rosebuds.

Dear readers, at the outstart it was not in my mind merely to write concerning my birthday and what it brought me. I intended throwing out suggestions and giving some information in regard to a variety of pretty uses to which fancy or birth-cards may be put. I find myself just now inadequate to the task, and must lay my notes away until I am better able to collect my thoughts.

Directly after penning my thanks to the dear Rosebuds mist and darkness seemed to creep over one of those beautiful cards. It was not the shadow of leaf or fern, it was the shadow of the valley—the valley of death. A cold hand reached stealthily, swiftly, into the "Garden of Girls;" the fairest flower of all was not—the spoiler had vanished with his prey.

One eventide when autumnal winds wailed among tree-branches and the rain dripped like the torture of slow-falling tears, there came a ring at our door-bell. Presently I heard voices outside, and one said, "Louisa is dead."

Yes, Louisa, whose spirit was "fire and dew;" Louisa, with the wild-rose bloom on cheek and lip and hair like woven sunbeams—was dead. "After a short illness, Louisa," so read her funeral notice "daughter of J— and the late R— R—, aged twenty years."

Ray, writing to Mary from California, says:

"I read with tearful eyes your account of the release from all future suffering of your young friend. No tears were shed that she had gone in her fresh youth and beauty to the land where she will never grow old or weary or sad. Oh! no; no tears for her. She is freed forever from all of earth's cares and sorrows and toil. We mourn over those who weep for her, over him to whom her maiden troth was plighted, over her careworn father, over her young brothers and her stricken companions—yes, over these our tears drop like autumn rain, but not for her; no, not for her. These have my deepest sympathy, as have all who will miss her bright young face. She is only another sweet flower transplanted to the Garden of God, where, when you lay aside the mortal and put on immortality, you will meet her again in the radiant beauty of angelhood amid the victorious throng who have gone before."

Says the inspired Apostle: "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But "Them that sleep in Jesus," says another passage, "will God bring with Him." And again we read: "The dead in Christ shall live again." The dear girl we knew and loved is "Safe on His gentle breast." Safe!

"And the violets of her eyes
Will blossom under tranquil skies
That span the hills of Paradise."

"For just a little time good-bye.
A shadow climbs the solemn sky
And dims the azure of thine eye.
But what to us a shadow is
To you is Heaven and all things sweet.
True heart, we leave you with a kiss
Until in other lands we meet."

Yes, that which seems blackness and darkness to all who love Louisa is for her the beginning of a new life—a birthday glad and sweet.

My birthday brings me only a year's "march nearer home;" that which came to her in early autumn ushered her into that Holy City, where "God shall wipe away all tears" and where there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

MADGE CARROL.

DR. JOHN HUNTER, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule which may be commended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life, he answered: "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success in life."

PILLOW LACE MAKER.

PILLOW lace making is being confined more and more to the monasteries and almshouses, where the poor peasant children and orphans spend most of their youth bent over their cushions, thus early losing their eyesight and rosy cheeks. The costume in our engraving is that generally worn by the Flemish women. When the weather is bad they wear a red woolen jacket with longer sleeves than those seen in our model, over a chemise with short sleeves, cut square at

black with a yellow sock over the toes, and black wooden shoes, delicately carved, complete the covering for the feet.

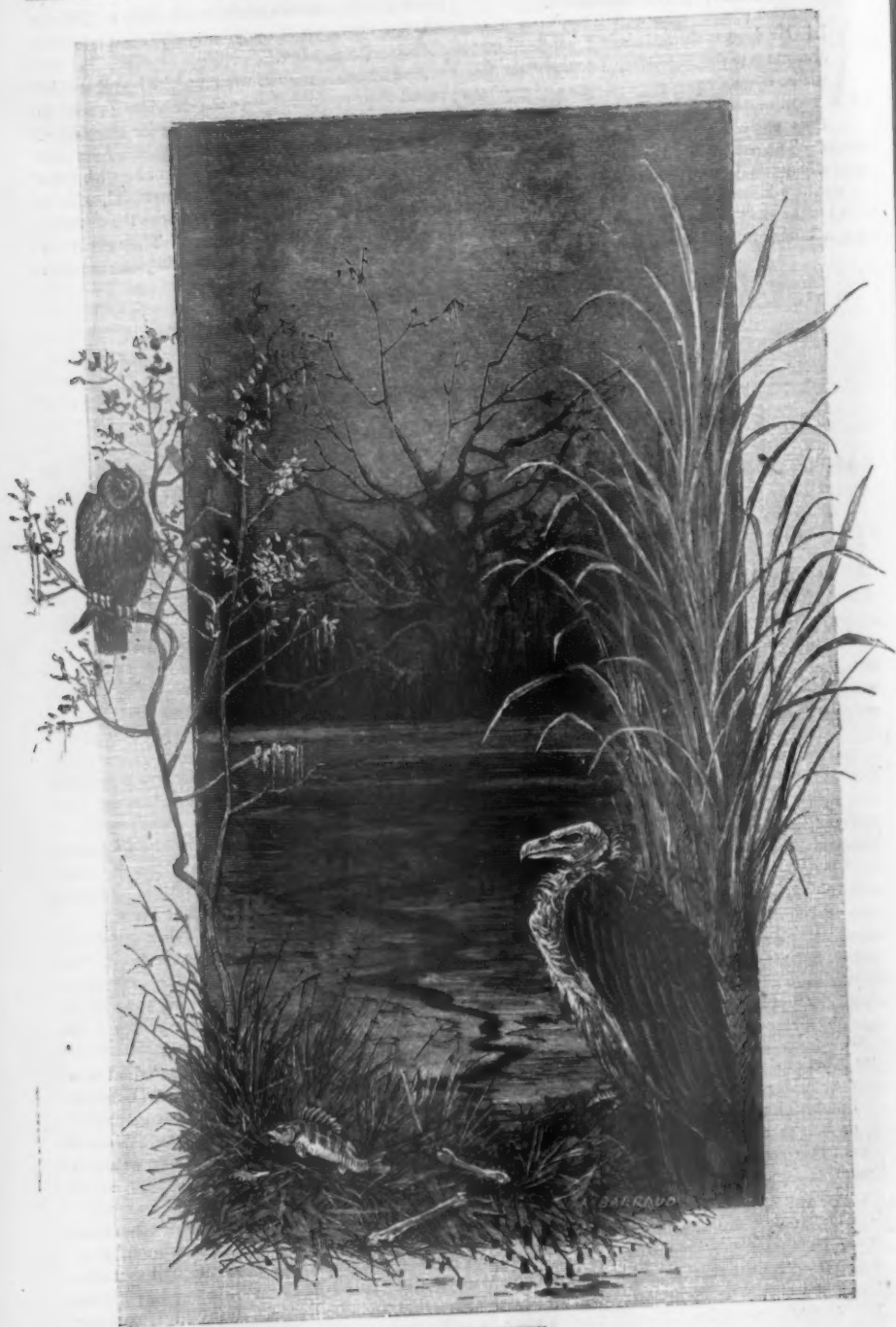
The Flemish women wear a white handkerchief round their necks and over the shoulders; the ends are crossed in front and tucked under the bodice. Their headgear is very characteristic. As a rule the old women wear two caps, a top one with flaps and an underneath one of light material, with a plain crown and straight piece across the front of the head and covering the ears. They are fond of wearing a kind of arrow sticking out on each



the neck; in fine weather they wear a striped bodice next to the chemise, cut out low with narrow shoulder pieces; it is always made of striped material, either narrow stripes of the same color, or bright ones on a white ground. At the bottom of this garment, across the hips, is a round pad made of horse hair, sea-weed, or oakum; it is worn under the petticoats to give them a better hold. The old women generally wear dark-colored, striped skirts of one shade. A large blue linen apron covers the skirt, which is tied a second time at the back below the waist. The color of the woolen stockings varies. The old women wear

side beyond the cheeks and ornamented at the end with a pearl or a silver button. The crown of the top cap is laid in little folds, but generally so starched and stiffly ironed that the folds are not perceptible, especially in the young women's caps.

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men. Seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.



BIRDS OF PREY.

BIRDS OF PREY.

A SONNET.

AROUND the rocky coast the sea-gulls fly,
And dart upon their victims in the deep;
Round marsh and mere the owls and vultures keep
Their anxious watch; and, from his home on high,
The eagle swoops like lightning from the sky
And bears earth's sweetest songsters to his nest;
So prey the birds with eager, pitiless zest,
And harvest wheresoever they may reap.

And we, too, have rapacious birds of prey.
Who flaunt their cruelties in our midst, and show
No pity for the weak—or friend or foe;
Who've parted from sweet mercy many a day,
Yet dare not, cannot, echo the birds' cry
That they must prey upon their kind or die.

NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF SESOSTRIS.

THE capture of Alexandria and the battle of the Pyramids had temporarily established the French sway in Egypt. The Mamelukes, those soldiers glittering in gold and precious stones, whom Mohammedan fanaticism had opposed to the republican troops, had found in them masters, before whose bravery and intrepidity they were compelled to fly. Everything promised a speedy submission, and it cannot be doubted but that Buonaparte would have converted the land of the Pharaohs into a French colony had not England, by her treasure and the blood of her sons, foiled the gigantic ambition of the conqueror of Italy and at length driven him and his army from the shores of the Nile. But in the first blush of his triumph Buonaparte, by incredible activity and measures of prudence, succeeded in neutralizing the first efforts of England and in imparting the sweets of peace to that Egypt which he had conquered in the name of the French Republic. In one of the temporary intervals of repose the young General felt a desire to visit the interior of those huge pyramids from which, according to his own expression, "forty centuries" had contemplated the handful of brave men who were ranged around the national standard. From the thought to the execution of it there was with Buonaparte but one step; the moment, therefore, that his resolution was taken his preparations were speedily made, for his ardent imagination, his insatiable desire to see and learn everything, left him no repose till he had attained his end.

On the 25th Thermidor of the year 6 (12th August, 1798), at day-break, a company of guides and a battalion of grenadiers received orders for

occupy the sandy plain amid which rose the famous pyramids. Soon afterward Buonaparte, accompanied by some officers of his staff, by an Iman named Mohammed—an aged but still active man, who had offered himself as cicerone to the General—and all the philosophers attached to the expedition, rode toward the pyramids. As soon as they arrived opposite the principal one, that of Cheops, all dismounted. The gates of the great pyramid were opened, and, preceded by half a dozen guides bearing torches, by some grenadiers of the escort, and the greater portion of the superior officers who had accompanied him, he slowly descended the granite steps which led into the Egyptian catacombs. For upward of an hour, Buonaparte and his companions traversed the inextricable labyrinth of this immense pyramid; they paused before the numberless hieroglyphics upon the walls, endeavoring to discover the secret of their meaning. Rigo, the artist, provided with an album, sketched all the bas-reliefs which appeared to him most interesting; while Dupuy, the mineralogist, armed with a pick-ax, tried the ground, examined the different tombs, and directed his attention to the marble, the stones, and the different metals with which he came in contact. The visitors had traversed almost all the chambers of the pyramid when Buonaparte, perceiving a gate of bronze which time had covered with a coating of moss, suddenly paused and asked the Iman whither it led. Without replying directly to the question, he declared he would go no further.

"Why?" inquired Buonaparte.

"Because," replied the Iman, "this gate has been opened but once since the conquest of Alexander."

"It matters not to me when and by whom this gate was opened," said the General, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest degree. "Whither does it lead? Answer me."

"Seigneur, this gate leads to the sepulchre of the great Pharaoh," replied the cicerone, "and no profane eye has ever gazed upon that venerable face save Alexander and the General of the Roman armies. The benefits which Pharaoh conferred on Egypt three thousand six hundred years ago defend his memory and his tomb from all contact with those who worship not the same God as he did."

"Iman!" replied the General, in a tone of inspiration, "I have come to Egypt to renew the reign of the great Pharaoh, and God has permitted me to visit his tomb. Fear nothing! I will enter it accompanied by yourself and one interpreter."

Buonaparte, taking a torch from the hands of one of his guides, made to the Iman one of those gestures which commands the most prompt obedience. Overcome, subjugated by the expression of

the General's features, the Iman bowed, and pushing in a peculiar manner a pivot embedded in the sand, he opened the gate and exposed to view a narrow path where the darkness was even more intense than in the other parts of the pyramid. As Buonaparte was about to enter, his aid-de-camp, Junot, stopped him.

"General! can you entertain such a rash project; will you trust yourself to this man?—at least suffer me to accompany you."

"I warn you, Seigneur!" said the cicerone, to whom Venture had explained the fears expressed by Junot, "that were you to slay me none other than you, your interpreter, and myself shall cross the threshold of that sanctuary. You promised me that it should be so."

"It is true!" said Buonaparte, turning toward his aid-de-camp, "you hear him—he, Venture, and I must alone enter here. Await us here—destiny must be accomplished."

"But allow me to say, General, that this step is an extremely imprudent one; you may compromise not only yourself and your own safety, but even the fate of—"

Buonaparte did not allow him to complete his remonstrance, but, pinching him lightly on the ear, replied, "Come, come, my good Junot, no childish fears—leave us; I know what I must accomplish." Then, making a sign to the Iman to enter first, and followed by Venture, the General of the Army of the East advanced into the passage, and all three soon disappeared from the gaze of the officers, philosophers, and soldiers, who could not comprehend this curiosity of their dearly loved chieftain.

The Iman conducted Buonaparte by numberless turnings, and after a quarter of an hour's walk, they arrived, without having exchanged a word, at a vast, sepulchral chamber, whose walls of marble and porphyry glittered in the light of the torch carried by the Iman himself. Here a magnificent spectacle—one of those scenes of which the imagination can form no idea save in the perusal of the *Arabian Nights*—burst upon the eyes of Buonaparte and Venture.

Upon a raised dais of cedar, which time had almost petrified, reposed the mummy of the great Sesostris; the linen bands which enwrapped the body were covered with thin plates of gold; on the head was the crown of the Pharaohs, and across the chest lay the sword which had conquered nations so different in their manners, customs, and bravery. The four sides of the coffin were covered with hieroglyphics, which doubtless were intended to record the exploits of the warrior. Twenty-four censers of bronze were ranged on the steps of the tomb; these had probably been filled on the day of the funeral with perfumes or incense. Around the royal mummy, and placed closely against the wall, were more than a hundred coffins,

each containing its mummy. This silent court of the great monarch was composed of his ministers, of his wives, and his most famous captains; on these coffins were painted the attributes for which, while living, their occupants were distinguished. The women had doves in token of their grace; the ministers, plows and ibes; the generals, lions and trumpets. The statues of Isis and Osiris, of colossal size, were placed beneath an arch and reigned over this silent court. These statues were of jasper, and their heads were surmounted by a kind of golden circle, enriched with precious stones, which, in the surrounding darkness, glittered like stars in the firmament.

In four small vases placed upon granite pedestals were heaped up gold and silver coins and medals representing the glorious events of the long reign of Sesostris. Here and there standards had been fixed, long since fallen to decay, and of which the brazen staves alone remained; there were also other kinds of trophies, such as swords of the Medes, bows and arrows of the Assyrians, etc.

Buonaparte contemplated in silence this pomp of death—these sacred vestiges of a glory which had existed in ages long past! He gazed upon the corpse of the great Sesostris, which still appeared to receive the homage of the women he had loved, of the ministers he had consulted, of the warriors he had so often led to victory. The mind of the young General was a prey to a thousand different emotions; he appeared absorbed in deep thought.

"Seigneur," said the Iman, "it is time to return to your soldiers—come."

The General mechanically made a few steps after his guide, but suddenly returned, and, raising his hand above the body of Sesostris, exclaimed: "Pharaoh! Egypt shall no longer remain in slavery; I will restore her to her rank among the nations of the earth!"

"Seigneur," said the Iman, who had reverentially prostrated himself before the cenotaph of Pharaoh, and now rose and presented to Buonaparte a medal which had been taken from one of the little heaps we have already described, "you are but the third warrior who, for a period of three thousand years, has visited this tomb, unknown to the profane. Like your predecessors, you have not entertained the guilty thought of robbing this tomb of the holy riches it incloses. May Heaven's blessing rest upon you! Accept, as a remembrance of your visit to the tomb of the great Pharaoh, this piece of gold impressed with his image—it will be to you a talisman, a pledge of success; as long as you carry it with you victory will continue to shine on your banners and everything will succeed to the utmost of your wishes. Alexander and Caesar both received from my ancestors the same present, and they did not meet their death until they had lost

this mysterious pledge of an alliance with the Pharaohs."

Buonaparte took the medal, and fixed a searching glance on the Iman—"Are you what you seem to be?" inquired he, abruptly; "your language belies your costume and character."

"Pardon me, Seigneur, I am but a poor Iman; but I am of the race of the Abasides; no one but myself could have penetrated into this tomb, or could have served as your guide, for no one else in Egypt knows of it. From my earliest infancy my ancestors initiated me into its secrets and taught me the meaning of these hieroglyphics, which are the history of Egypt."

"Iman," replied Buonaparte, "I thank you for your guidance. Be assured that I shall ever remember my visit to the tomb of Sesostris and preserve the medal you have given me."

"You will do well," said the Iman; "but, Seigneur, I have another request to make."

"What is it?" asked the General; "speak."

"The entrance to this sanctuary is, I repeat, only known to me. It would be dangerous for strangers, or even for Egyptians, to know of the treasures it incloses. All men are not Alexanders, Cæsars, or Buonapartes, and avarice might give rise to sacrilege. Swear to me, then, Seigneur, swear to me, on the sacred work of our great Prophet, that you will never divulge what you have seen in this gloomy recess of the great pyramid."

As he spoke the Iman drew from his bosom the Koran and presented it to the General.

"I swear it!" replied Buonaparte, solemnly placing his hand on the sacred book.

"It is well!" said the Iman; "and now we can rejoin your suite, who are doubtless uneasy at your absence. But one request more, Seigneur. Before your officers treat me only as a poor Iman; it is necessary that my connection with the Sultan of the French army should be unknown to the mufitis of my nation."

"Your request is granted, noble Abaside!" replied Buonaparte. The Iman bowed, and all three retraced their steps.

In the meanwhile the soldiers and officers of the escort began to feel great anxiety at the prolonged absence of their General. More than two hours had elapsed since his departure, and the grenadiers already began to talk of advancing into the dark passage by which he had disappeared. Junot, particularly, feared that the Iman might be one of those fanatics who deemed the murder of Buonaparte and his own suicide a deed which would obtain him favor with the Prophet.

A gloomy silence reigned among the group who were awaiting him, when at length a sound of footsteps was heard, and then a faint gleam of light shot across the entrance of the dark path to which all eyes were directed. At length Buona-

parte appeared, as calm and tranquil as when he had left his escort. All pressed round him; he was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the joy of all would have been more plainly exhibited had not respect restrained them. But the grenadiers, in the excess of their delight, nearly suffocated the Iman with embraces for having restored to them their General safe and sound.

Buonaparte was immediately interrogated by the philosophers as to what he had seen in the tomb of Sesostris; but he preserved strict silence. When they had once more reached the plain Monge approached the General, and said, "Well, General, will you not relate to us all the marvellous things you have seen in your subterranean journey?"

"My dear Monge," returned Buonaparte, "a k of me anything you please save this—because, in this instance, I cannot reply to you—besides, you may ask Venture."

But Venture, who had already received his instructions from Buonaparte, would not reply to any of the numberless questions which were put to him. It was not till the year 1809 that the Emperor, chatting with Baron Larry, entered into some details concerning his visit to the tomb of Sesostris; but it was not until the latter part of his life, while at St. Helena, that he gave the more full recital of it from which we have compiled this account.

In reference to the medal given by the Iman: Buonaparte was known to have valued it much. He had it set in the lid of a snuff-box which he always carried with him. This snuff-box, among others, was lost a few days before the disastrous battle of Leipsic, from which time all his misfortunes must be dated. We are not superstitious, but mention the fact, which is detailed in the *Memoires of M. Bausset* as a very curious coincidence.

THERE is no greater mistake than to feel that domestic labor, when necessary, or the knowledge of it in all positions, must be incompatible with the highest degree of mental culture or refinement. No women stand so high in position or elegant accomplishments as those who honor themselves and their husbands by knowledge and oversight of all domestic duties.

THE happy infant is one who, with a healthy body and healthful surroundings, is allowed the most perfect freedom to develop each tiny germ of his nature. As he grows older, his needs become more complex and intricate; but his happiness still depends upon the degree of harmonious exercise given to all his faculties. Take this away for any reason, and all outside advantages, be they ever so great, will not suffice to make him happy.

WOMEN OF CULTURE.

SO much is said of late as to the advancement of women, and as to the number of women entitled to rank among the cultured, that one really feels the necessity of a more clear definition of the word culture than can be guessed from the expression commonly used. Culture, according to our dictionary explanation, is the application of labor or means in rendering productive, or is the state of being cultivated, being physically or mentally improved by training; but we meet women of the fashionable world almost daily who are denominated women of culture who most certainly have not, either in a physical, mental, or spiritual way produced anything to which we can point as an added excellence, a new incentive toward a more perfect civilization, or what may in any way be considered as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

A cultured woman who has painted no picture, written no poem, spoken no word to be remembered, baked no loaf of bread to be appreciated, is really to us an unsolved problem, and when we ask for the evidence of her culture the answer of society is about this:

"A woman of culture is one who can participate in the refined pleasures of social life without awkwardness or failures, one who is perfectly at home in all the stately ceremonies of the banquet, entirely familiar with and mistress of the nice etiquette of the drawing-room, one who can with almost pre-historic accuracy of detail in light, shadow, and coloring describe the dresses at the last fancy ball, or give a minutely correct invoice of the bric-a-brac in the home of her wealthiest acquaintance."

So this is the standard to which our young women must attain would they be considered worthy to sit in the charmed circle known as cultured. Now, to our mind, grace and elegance, good taste and refinement, are but a pleasing part, and not the whole sum, of culture.

A plain woman from an obscure country neighborhood or some small interior village may, for the want of opportunity of much mingling in society, appear awkward at a city reception, but if her genius has led her to adorn her walls with pictures of rare merit, or if she has given poem or story to some far-off magazine that has elicited the admiration of thousands in her own and other lands, is she not denied a place among those persons denominated cultured if the slightest mannerism peculiar to her locality, some partiality for a head-dress now ignored by the leaders of fashion, some angularity of gesture or tone of voice, mark her as a country woman?

To be a truly cultivated woman in our age and country certainly does mean vastly more than a hurried first glance would indicate. "No man

liveth to himself alone," says the Apostle, and no woman either. Every woman's example and influence is seen and felt in a greater or less degree, for an unwritten social law not only imposes but collects, its rightful tax, a portion of her time and thought.

No woman in all our land has any right to be uncultured now when the means of many kinds of improvement are within reach of all. And not one soul bravely and continually struggling for self-improvement will fail to find a full measure of compensation. Undreamed-of beauties in literature will come to the surface on familiar pages, will come in beautiful, majestic, endless succession; deep-buried secrets of science will reveal themselves, and prouder, starrier glories beckon ever on to wondrous regions lying far away.

The earnest seeker after any truth must ever be surprised and delighted at each step to find within clearer perceptions, greater powers of concentration of mind, and a more intense longing for greater things to come than either heart or brain had hitherto been supposed to be capable of reaching, while, more than all, the receiver of new knowledge will feel from day to day more of that dignity of the immortal soul that impresses itself with such emphasis in the individual's first realization of the rapture of responsibility.

But culture among women is not the new thing it is generally considered to be; it is more common, to be sure, than in the past, for civilization advances; but there are women now living who admired a "big sunflower" before Oscar Wilde was heard of or from, and the taste was then considered hirsute and *outré* in the extreme by some who now point to their recently acquired appreciation of the beauty of that glorious flower that does forever turn its glowing face with fond devotion toward the journeying sun, as a symbol and a sign that they are aesthetes "to the manner born."

The tendency of human nature is to rise and to expand; no people have been found so barbarous as not yet to have taken some step toward civilization, and the most abject slavery cannot wholly obliterate all enjoyment of social life, all longing for the beautiful, all hope of knowledge, or all power of intellect; and in a government so free and grand and broad as ours, in a country that is a continuous school of political discussion, it is not strange that all of woman's mental powers are called into activity and that she is, by reason of her surroundings, cultivated into a creature having opinions.

Woman, when not considered as a mere *and-so-forth* at the end of a sentence, which may mean much or little or nothing, has been for ages a verb according to the loafer's definition, as delightfully given by Joseph C. Neal in his inimitable *Charcoal Sketches*. "A verb," said the loafer,

"is a word that signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; now I am always being, sometimes doing, and continually a sufferin'; therefore I am a verb!" Surely the culture of woman demands that she now be allowed the positive place allotted to nouns and be given the power accorded to others of the same species, the power to make and control her own case, be it nominative, possessive, or objective.

She wishes to see the productions of her culture estimated on the fair and simple grounds of their own merits, regardless of the sex of the producer. She would fain reason for the unreasoning and help the helpless, and bring the glow of her life and thought into a sphere whose boundary lines are uncolored by prejudice. This government is destined to be a grand partnership of culture, and when every woman may give her voice for the production of good results, then, and not till then, will there be a nation of cultured women. We trust that every woman, when permitted to take that one grand forward step that civilization is about to command in every great question placed before her, may hear her country speak to her soul in the language of the Jew Mordecai to Esther the Queen: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

LOUISE V. BOYD.

HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING.—A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farm-house saw the mother teach her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of the young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able, and, when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it had stopped and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision, and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day, and several times a day, until each of the birds became a perfect songster.

So LONG as dress does not violate the principles of beauty or the laws of health, so long as it is made conformable to position, use, and circumstances, so long is it to be encouraged, not only as a source of enjoyment, but as the fulfillment of a serious duty—for the love of dress, which is to the body what language is to thought is as true an instinct as is the love of what is beautiful or good.

THE LOVE-STORY OF A SWEET-TEMPERED GIRL.

STOLEN FROM HER OWN PRIVATE RECORDS OF THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

DECEMBER 31st, 1881.

A H! a-ah! The New Year Eve never comes round but those fatal resolutions of the last night of 1876 rise like ghostly skeletons to mock me with their non-fulfillment!

Here they lie—drawn from their secret hiding-place this moment—written in clear-cut characters that seem to grin in keen derision of my mortifying failure. Yet how bravely I wrote them out! The law of the prophets on tables of stone had scarcely more divine authority with me. And how confident I was that I would live with rigid adherence to these inspired and heroic rules of conduct! When I rose from my desk I felt as if upborne in a higher atmosphere of being, and the mire and pitfalls of my common, everyday life were fathoms beneath my feet. Could I ever sink to their defiling depths again?

I fell asleep that night in the cradle of a cloud floating me serenely through heavenly spaces. I awoke on the New Year's morning with an uplifted sense of power, as though I were soaring on strong wings over all the difficulties which, from my grand height, looked too petty and insignificant to stir me with a dread, and I went down fearlessly to the encounter.

"Why, you have the air of a crowned conqueror this morning, Jeanne," said my father, returning my jubilant New Year greeting with grave tenderness.

"Oh!—I've a conqueror's purpose," I cried, valiantly. "I am beginning the year with the high resolve to overcome every fault of my nature, and I feel already the glow of triumph in my final success, you know."

"Who wins may boast," said my Aunt Fidelia, in that cool, critical way of hers which always dampens the ardor of my self-trust and lowers wonderfully the exaltation of my moods. She has the most generous, charitable heart in the world, but I seem never to stand before her in wholeness. I am always a thing of shreds and patches, of which I have a painful sense whenever her clear, gray eyes turn on me with their look of still scrutiny. Not that she censures me by a single word. It is only that by some magical process I feel my magnificent proportions suddenly dwindling to atomic dust under her passionless gaze.

"But—who doubts may lose," I retorted, with a flash of spirit, followed instantly by a shivering consciousness that I was already tottering dizzily on my tower of good resolutions, one of the corner-stones of which was the preservation of a serene,

equable, happy temper. Missing the steady balance of this, I was certain to pitch headlong from my high pinnacle without power of self-recovery, I could not expect the intervention of miracles.

However, though a little shaken, I maintained my lofty altitude through the day, which, being one of social pleasures wholly, presented none of the ordinary temptations that have more subtle power in undermining our foundations than the uncommon and possible event against which we stand guard.

In the evening came the crowning happiness of the nearly perfect day in the purposely delayed visit of Rob Chester, who—

When a girl writes in her journal about her lover she risks the chance of making herself ridiculous and the sport of unknown readers. This is why I burn next morning my record of the evening. I might die suddenly and leave my heart bare to curious gazers. But what if there were some alchemic power that could touch to flame the characters traced on reams of paper that I have burned to ashes! *Merci!* Can thought and feeling intense enough to run like melted lava over doomed blocks of scratch paper ever lose expression in the fire? Who knows? Doubtless my high-sounding fancies, reduced to ashes, have gone to fertilizing properties in the garden, and live in the vegetables which daily come to the table. May I on this supposition account for the squash blight and the worm-eaten quality of the celery, which Michael declares is "a meesthery, shure"? I'll experiment in the solution of this problem on the primroses in my window. Something must be sacrificed to metaphysical and scientific investigations.

But Rob—I scarcely remember when I did not seem to belong to him, though there had been no formal acknowledgment and announcement of the fact. It was like the change of heart which good Christians sometimes tell us they feel yet cannot date. We thought our love a vital part in Heaven's eternal plan. We were fresh and green, and life is long. Rob was still in his junior year at college and this was the last evening of his holiday vacation. There was no end of things we wished to say. Aunt Fidelia, with the sympathy of her un-forgotten youth, left us the last hour alone. I am not sure, after all, that she did the best thing. I doubt if we are as happy now as we might have been had we felt that night the restraint of her presence.

Of course, we had the brilliant future to forecast, and the excitement of laying plans was not the less fascinating because the plans might never be fulfilled. I burned to read to him my newly written table of laws by which I meant henceforward to rule my life, but I wisely reflected that I would do better to reveal them in the rounded

and perfected character which I should develop in the years to come. Rob seemed abundantly satisfied with me in my transitional stage to perfection.

And yet, after all his ardent praise—much too fine for speech—he startled me by an interdiction of my freedom which, with spirit yet unschooled in the dignity and self-control of its own late-made canons, I could not fail to resent.

"There is one thing, Jean, which I must ask you to refrain from doing," he said, with sudden, grave earnestness.

"Yes?" I questioned, with eager interest.

"Because I ask it," he added, with emphasis, enforcing the weakness of his reason by the strength of its mystery.

I bowed in doubtful assent.

"Promise me," he went on, with that air of invincible firmness which tends to obstinacy in the sense of not having a logical excuse—"promise me that you will discourage the attentions of Tom Hastings during my absence. Don't receive his visits, nor appear with him in public. If I don't give you any clear reason for this request, be satisfied that it is a just one."

"But I am not satisfied," I returned, with smothered heat, losing sight of the request in the authority of its statement. "A just reason need not be concealed. I'm not a child to be blindly dictated to in this fashion."

Rob silently congealed to a marble column. He was magnificent in these statuesque states which followed my flashes of temper. I could have worshiped him, but my pride was in arms against this arbitrary exaction, and I would have suffered the tortures of the rack rather than yield without the reason unreasonably withheld.

Did this lofty sense of justice enable me always to give a reason for my own demands? What matter?

"I cannot see any imaginable objection to Tom Hastings as a visitor in my father's house, nor as an occasional escort in public places, if I choose to accept him," I went on, hotly. "He is your friend and my brother—"

"Your brother?" The sifting quality of Rob's voice and the shade of satirical meaning passing over his face as he echoed my last note of Tom's claims daunted me with a sense of insecurity in my position, but I met his penetrating eyes unflinchingly.

"Explain yourself!" I demanded, haughtily.

"Perhaps you do not know that this fraternal relationship on which inexperienced and sentimental girlhood dotes with so much fondness is only an innocent cover to the gradual approach of a confident and not easily discarded lover?" Rob said, with freezing quiet, quite unmoved by my indignant charge.

"Ah!" I breathed, with a shrug of disdain,

"I see now the secret reason of your wish that I should go back on a friend who has done nothing to forfeit our esteem!"

"Are you certain that you see?" was the swift, impressive inquiry.

"I never supposed you susceptible to the low passion of jealousy," I added, with scorn.

There was no response. I flashed a glance at my marble god and shrank involuntarily from the clear, full splendor of the wonderful eyes turned calmly upon me. No denial of my bold, bare accusation was even deigned. I was chagrined—humiliated to the last degree—but my dignity rallied valiantly to my self-support.

"Whatever may be the motive of your request," I said, loftily, "it shows very clearly that you have not sufficient faith in me to warrant your love. If you cannot trust me to exercise my own judgment in the choice of my society, it is better that you should not feel yourself fettered by any claim of mine."

The stony calm of my intent, watchful listener was not broken by a visible thrill of emotion under the impending fall of the sword by which I threatened to dissever our tender relations.

"If it did not sound too much like a retort," he answered, with a quietness exasperating in its very contrast to my storm, "I should say that your refusal to comply with my wishes in one particular argues a lack of confidence in me which is dangerous to the peace of both—"

"You understand that I refuse only in default of explanations," I sharply interrupted.

"Which I cannot honorably give now," was the slow, serious rejoinder.

"This is the blankest subterfuge," I returned, with fire that brought at last a flush to the marble I had essayed in vain to move. But, though my statue colored with indignant human feeling, no answer to my insulting charge was vouchsafed.

"There is no need of further discussion of this matter," I said, with dignity, as though crushing hopelessly the argument which had not been so much as offered. "I release you from all ties and relationships with me which do not include the fullest confidence, and I must ask you to consider me also free to rule my own conduct and to use my own discretion in the choice and rejection of friends."

Rob's set face quivered with a quickly controlled spasm of pain which smote my heart with compassion and remorse. A single entreating word would have moved me to stormy self-reproach and made me the servant of his will. But he only said, with the same relentless quiet:

"I certainly consider you free to act your own pleasure, however much it may conflict with my judgment of what is best and right. I am sorry that you cannot trust the wisdom of my counsel in a matter that it is not expedient to make plain to

you at present. I fear you will regret it. But I hope I have no wish to influence you against your will. Pardon me, but I cannot accept the release you offer in such rash haste. I am bound to you by ties which cannot be burned like a thread in the fire of an instant's passion. After a night's sleep you will reconsider this swift decision, and if you feel inclined to revoke it and to regard my request in a more favorable light write to me any time before noon, depositing your message in the dear, old-time letter-box of our friend and confidant, the garden sycamore, and I will come and spend with you my last hour before the departure of the two o'clock train."

"I shall not write," I said, obstinately, touched, nevertheless, by the tender reference to our tryst at the old sycamore, which seemed human in its whispering sympathy with the frequent vows of love breathed under its summer shade.

And I kept my word inflexibly. I would not suffer myself to think that I might be in the wrong. Tossing restlessly through the wretched watches of the night, I schooled myself in unfaltering resistance to the subtle tyranny of Rob Chester's iron will. He must learn that I was not a shapeless mass of plastic clay in his hands. Privately I did not care a fillip for the society of Tom Hastings, but I was not going to be ruled in the treatment of my friends by any unreasoning caprice of this royal sovereign, whose will, none the less, was the law I loved best to obey. He would see on later reflection that justice was on my side, and it was he who must make the overtures to reconciliation if any were made. Of course, the whole difference was as whimsical as lovers' quarrels usually are, but turning any atom of disturbance over and over under the magnifying glass of injured feeling will make it a monstrous, distorted matter. I had no doubt, however, that Rob would come back early in the morning with apologies which would lead the way to the sweetness of fulfilling his wishes. He would never go away without seeing me again.

I did not write. I waited instead. The long morning passed without event. Toward noon I ran up to my room, the east window of which overlooked the dear old sycamore. Pressing my forehead against the pane and tapping my fingers restlessly on the window-sill, I stood watching with undefined expectation for what should happen. Presently, Rob came hurrying up the hill, leaped lightly over the garden-wall, thrust his hand confidently in the secret crevice of the tree where we had often hidden messages too precious to be given in speech audible to profane ears.

The look of blank disappointment and grief in Rob's handsome face as he withdrew his empty hand and dropped it aimlessly at his side sent a quiver of pain to my heart. But I could make amends for my failure. He would not pass the

house; I would meet him unexpectedly at the door. I ran down hastily, slipped the bolt, stood with my hand upon the knob ready to swing open the door at the glad signal of a well-known step upon the walk. Really, I could have rushed down to the gate with my cordial welcome, but by a strong effort I managed to sustain the dignity I thought becoming to the occasion. At last, impatient with delay, I flung back the door and looked out. Rob was not waiting my bidding. He was far up the street toward the town. A chill of dismay went over me. I choked back a despairing call.

But he would return. He was only momentarily vexed and resentful. He would never leave the place without coming to say good-bye to me. There were yet two hours for the blessed reconciliation. I watched. The moments were eternities, yet they failed to bring the reward of my faith. The clock pointed to ten minutes of two. There was time for a swift walk to the station. I flashed into my wraps, donned my hat—oh! striking evidence of feminine demoralization!—without a glance at the mirror. At the gate my pride rose with repelling force and I turned and walked in an opposite direction to that in which all the currents of my heart were setting. Suddenly the shriek of the in-coming train struck on my sense like a wild, irresistible appeal. I wheeled and hurried toward the village station. There might be brief space for a formal hand-clasp, or I could at least wave my handkerchief as a parting flag of truce. And again, with face flushing hot at the darting thought of this extraordinary concession on my part, I slackened my speed, reproved myself sharply for my lack of maidenly delicacy, and, watching absently over the railing of the bridge the ripple of soft-falling snow flakes in the dark water beneath, I heard the demoniac yell of the engine as it leaped away, bearing Rob in its train, and sending back over the hills the echo of his mocking farewell. To-morrow, hundreds and hundreds of miles would be between us. I did not care. My heart suddenly hardened. Rob would write. But nothing he could say now would ever span the gulf that divided us. And yet he was glorious. Alas! alas! had the sun fallen from my sky?

I turned slowly toward home. Tom was coming up the street to meet me. I shrank from him with a sudden qualm of loathing. The smooth, soft, slippery sweetness of his manner struck me with a sense of nausea. But it would never do to let the secret trouble of my mood reveal itself through any difference of behavior, and I laughed and chatted with him in the usual friendly fashion, parrying lightly his delicate thrusts of sympathy with my sorrow at parting with Rob, whom he thought I had accompanied in his walk to the station. With brotherly kindness, he prolonged

his visit at the house until late in the afternoon, leaving me with an engagement for the evening—for how was I to drown the misery I was suffering except in social excitement?

When I returned from the concert and went up to my room that night my eyes fell accidentally on the clearly written tablets I had left lying open on my desk with the original purpose, as yet unfulfilled, of comparing each day's record with the requirements of my sharply defined laws, marking mercilessly every omission and transgression of which I found myself guilty. Dear Heaven! I had failed first of all in the cardinal point of ruling my execrable temper, and the whole moral structure of my brave resolutions seemed to have gone to rack and ruin. I seized the unoffending paper with the impulse to tear it into shreds, but temporized by thrusting it ignominiously into the waste drawer of my secretary.

Aunt Fidelia, who fills to me the place of a mother—though I never could give away that sacred name—must have divined in part the trouble I strove to cover from all eyes, for her rigid justice was softened by an almost tender sympathy which, while it did not lessen her exactions of me, made the performance of the right action an easier and a more frequent occurrence. And in this way I was helped insensibly to closer realization of my ideal standard of life perhaps than I might have attained in self-conscious study and weighing of accounts with my offended laws.

Tom's fraternal attentions grew daily more alarmingly profuse and oppressive. My polite evasions, failing of rebuke, became gradually, under the disagreeable pressure of his favor, freeing rejections and rude rebuffs. Not to be affronted or repelled by any feminine caprice or contradiction, he availed himself of a chance opportunity to make a startling avowal of his passionate love, reproaching me tenderly for such lack of faith in his serious intentions as to resort at last to coquettish reserve and withdrawal to bring him to the point of declaration.

"Of course," said he, meeting my wide, astonished, half-comprehending eyes with impudent fondness—"of course I have loved you all along with more than the milk-and-water affection of a brother, my innocent, but I was waiting to see our way clear through that entanglement of yours with Chester before setting matters on an unequivocal basis between us. Our fraternal relation was a very pretty disguise for—"

I lifted my hand in momentarily speechless indignation. My temper flashed fire again with righteous matter for kindling. And this time it was not a marble god facing me scathless through the flame, but a sinuous reptile writhing and hissing in the scorching blaze. How dared a coward

who had sneaked into my favor under the nobly urged interest and care of a brother, winning my faith by fair sustenance of that character—how dared he misconstrue my frank acceptance of his proposed position as encouragement of the claims of a lover, and imagine the repulsion of my waning trust in him a coquettish lure to the establishment of such claims?

Was there any power in speech? There seemed no capacity for scorn in the words that flashed from me like sparks from a beaten fire-brand. Tom waved them aside to explain to my unsophisticated sense that the relation to which I attached such undue importance was the merest stepping-stone to closer bonds—that scores of girls had flung their hearts into his brotherly keeping, and—

I opened the door. It was imperative that one of us should pass it. The sneak crept out. I threw the windows wide to the ventilating winter air. To this day I don't know whether it was the moral poison or the chilling wind that killed Aunt Fidelia's hyacinths.

Ah, what peace and comfort to have been even the blind observer of Rob's wish!

Six months later there was a shuddering revelation of the cariousness of Tom's moral quality secretly and sickeningly whispered through the community, from which he dropped suddenly like a rocket, the waste of which the scavenger may gather. I cannot think of him. Alas! alas! where was my boasted Sibylline discernment of character?

After that I was humble enough to confess Rob's right to advise me without an exposition of reasons which he would not defile the air to give. A dozen times I eased my burdened soul in letters acknowledging my fatal fault, but I could never bring my pride to the narrow pass of addressing them. For perhaps, after all, Rob had not loved me so very much, and possibly he was glad to find himself free of me by the cutting steel of the quarrel that he left in my hands. Was it my place to make any advancement toward reconciliation? He had only asked me to write before his departure by the two o'clock train. Was not I to tacitly understand that any later acknowledgment of mistake would be unavailing? Clearly, there was nothing left me to do. The adjustment of our difficulty was wholly in his power. Conventional law and usage gave to him the sole right of overtures in matters of love. He stood on his own ground.

Why, what do those women think who argue their privilege to propose marriage to men? *Cid!* The distressing embarrassment it would be to the gallant creatures to say *no!* The picture is harrowing. I instinctively held to the negative side, and thrust my atoning letters into the waste drawer with my good resolutions.

It is an eternal *No!* In the years that have

come and gone Rob has made no affirmative sign. I have neither seen nor heard from him except by distant report. In his graduating year his widowed mother vacated her home here, going abroad with her paragon son in pursuit of higher advantages in the line of scientific study, to which he seemed to have given his whole life, thinking of me, if he thought of me at all, as of one of the atoms and molecules that make up the sum of his researches in the mysteries of matter and mind. Later there has been some meager, insufficient report of him and his work in a neighboring city. More recently there is notice of the expected return of Mrs. Chester to her old home. And to-day—Did I say I had not seen Rob? I saw him to-day.—And I saw his wife!—Rob's wife! She is lovely as a dream. The dream of a poet and a painter.

Returning this afternoon from the public library where I had been to study some profound author on the mysteries that Rob understands, I met a carriage coming from the station, and though I would have passed without observation I was compelled to respond to the Mother Chester's glad call and kiss flung from her dimpled hand, and I had to acknowledge the low bend of Rob's swiftly uncovered head as his magnificent eyes beamed on me like twin worlds into the glory of which the gossamer being by his side gazed with the freedom of an habitual dweller in such sunshine. Ah! I did not sink into the earth!

How divinely beautiful she is—Rob's wife! With that silvery gauze blowing back from the transparent pearl of her face, she looked a picture of the morning radiating golden and roscate light. Thank Heaven! I did not force Rob to a reconciliation.

I suppose—heigh-o!—shall I marry John Smith or Felix Browne, I wonder? For marriage is a girl's vocation, it appears. Even Aunt Fidelia, who set out to walk independently alone, ended by marrying my father.

Faugh! here is Patsy at the door bidding me come down to the entertainment of a visitor in the parlor. What a nuisance! My hair in a rumple and my fingers ink-stained with these distracting thoughts—what matter?

JANUARY 1st, 1882.

Hallelujah! The New Year has come in under the reign of my reinstated sovereign! When I went down last night I met Aunt Fidelia coming out of the parlor apparently so intent on a suddenly developed errand to some absent member of the household that she did not answer my inquiry as to who was within.

Entering indifferently, the firm, stately figure rising to salute me struck me for an instant dumb and cold as death.

Not a word was spoken as Rob Chester came

forward with hands outstretched in a warmth of greeting that set my suddenly chilled current of life in tempestuous flow, suffusing my face with a burning flush that I would for the moment have died to have hidden.

"I—allow me to congratulate you," I stammered, with a confused sense of the conventional thing to say to a newly married man, withdrawing coldly from the clasping hands that would else have given my burning face the refuge which it needed.

"On the happiness of being here?" Rob said, accepting my congratulations, as he led me to a seat, standing beside me in the boldly assumed right to a tender scrutiny of my tell-tale countenance.

"Indeed," he went on, in a voice deepened and mellowed by time, "I have been looking forward to this hour for six long years, in which my love has not for an instant faltered, and after all this stern trial of faith I find at last the reward of my fidelity in eyes that never lie—"

"Sir!" I exclaimed, rising with dignity, though shaken with a strange, guilty joy—"how dare you address such words to me now?"

The fire of my indignation played harmlessly again about the swiftly set calm of a marble column.

"If you have not sufficient respect for me to refrain from expressions as disorderly as this," I said, after vain waiting for apology, "you might at least regard the dignity of your relation with another."

The column bent, the marble warmed with human interest—"I do not understand," it muttered in perplexity.

"Have you no love for your beautiful wife?" I flashed, with swift, blunt pressing of the sword-point.

"My—wife?" Rob gazed at me in wonder. "What wife have I but you? And I love you with all my heart, soul, life, and—conscience, which is the keeper of all."

Just Heaven! that I should thrill with rapture in listening to sophistry like this!

"You face me with such assertion, forgetting the current report of your marriage—forgetting that I met you to-day accompanied by your wife. O Rob Chester!" I gasped, with solemn rebuke of an iniquity that was beginning to lose its shock.

"My cousin Hilda! My cousin, Hilda Chester, who returned with me!" cried Rob, with sudden breaking up of his stony solidity. "Bless me! I was nearly petrified with your tragedy. How could I guess that you imagined Hilda my wife?"

I sat down.

"I am a fool, Rob," I said, humbly.

"I rather like it," he laughed, softly.

The reconciliation had come without the ac-

knowledgments so long exacted, after all. But at last I caught at them as phantom straws to save us from entire submersion in heavenly seas.

"You ought to have written me, Rob."

"Why, I thought—were not you to write to me?" he asked, in blissful bewilderment. "I even went to the old sycamore to-night for the over-looked letter; but your head, with its shining spirals of gold reflected by the light of your student lamp through the lace of your unshuttered window, drew me as no written message might have done. The fact is, *mignonne*, I ossified in the belief that you were to recall me! Didn't you?"

"Every hour. But how was I to know that you still desired recall? You gave no sign."

"Faithless heart! Do you require signs of eternal verities? I cannot this moment recollect what the trouble was about."

"That is because you had no wrong in it."

"Had you? Don't speak of it. I cannot bear your humiliations."

"Vain man! I have confessed no fault to your ear!"

"Don't! I could not listen. I have been a wretched, stupid, leaden dolt! But I cannot live without you. I have thought of you only as belonging to me in all this cruel, wordless absence. There is a mutual reaction between fire and stone divinely helpful. I harden in the cold processes of my reasoning habit without the lightning heat of your emotions to electrify, infuse, and remold me."

"Yet you turn to granite when my lightning strikes you."

"Only to save myself from swift destruction—only to collect my shattered mental forces sufficiently to comprehend the motive of your madness. It is nearly always just, I find. It is only too quick. It overleaps its object at times. It needs the stay of irresponsible and unyielding granite, dear. I would not have you different save for your own sake. But your face—nay, do not avert it—tells me the story of wonderful conquest since I last saw it. You may resolve less, but you achieve more. Let—let the granite kneel."

* * * * *

Stars are the language of the skies. They who have learned it may read. It cannot be translated into common speech.

I hate to burn this foolish record. What harm if I leave it for my judge.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

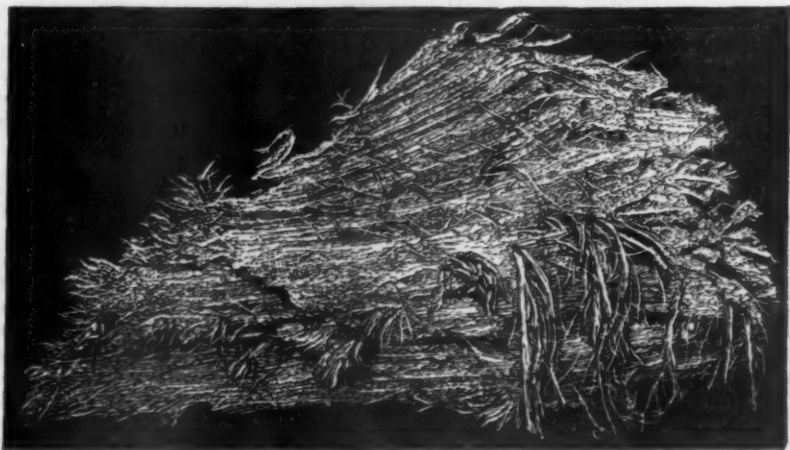
GENTUS without energy is an exquisitely wrought engine without steam, an object of admiration without use, where the highest capability of speed is motionless and unfitted by peculiarity of structure for all practical purposes.

ASBESTOS.

THE mineral asbestos, although familiar to the ancients and employed by them in the manufacture of a fire-proof cremation-cloth and for some other purposes, has in modern times—until within the last few years—been classed among those substances more curious than useful. The silky, fibrous nature which it possesses, and its well known fire-proof and non-conducting qualities and resistance to the action of acids, have of late years made it available for some very important

and weather proof surface, a good non-conductor of heat, well adapted to all climates and costing a very reasonable price.

The non-conducting qualities of asbestos render it peculiarly applicable as a covering for steam-boilers, pipes, etc., and it has largely been used for this purpose. One of its most recent applications has been for steam-packing. The elevated temperature, moisture, and friction to which steam-packing is subjected requires a material possessing just the qualifications existing in asbestos, and experience has shown its great



purposes in the useful arts. We present above an engraving of an exceedingly characteristic specimen of this mineral.

Asbestos exists in vast quantities in the United States and numerous other parts of the world. It is obtained from the mines either in bundles of soft, silky fibre, or in hard blocks which are capable of separation into fibres. These fibres vary in length from two to forty inches, are of a greasy nature and exceedingly flexible, possessing great strength in the direction of their length, and are therefore capable of being woven into cloth as used by the ancients. These properties possessed by asbestos render it an excellent substance to incorporate into cements—as hair is put into plaster—to bind the parts together and at the same time to give body to the material.

It is found to make an excellent roofing material. Sometimes it is applied in the form of an asbestos concrete and spread over the roof with a trowel, but more generally a peculiar roofing felt—into the composition of which asbestos largely enters—is first nailed down on the sheathing boards, and this is then covered by means of a brush with a preparation of flocculent asbestos, silica paint, etc., making an entirely water, fire,

adaptability to this use. As a body for paints, being mixed with linseed oil and colors, it has succeeded remarkably well; an asbestos paper is made incombustible and very useful for filtering acids, and every day new applications are discovered for this material, so few years ago supposed to be worthless.

CRITICISM.—There are few of us who do not at times feel ruffled and frightened and depressed at the criticism, or ridicule, or superficial judgments which may be passed upon us. Perhaps the feeling itself is natural and not without its possible use. But that depends wholly upon how we treat it. If it simply arouses us to review our position, to examine into the quality of the criticism, and give it its due weight, and thus to stand steadfastly upon a still firmer basis, it has done a good work. But if, in our terror at being censured or laughed at, we suddenly repudiate our opinions, or let go our principles, or abandon our plans, or change our methods, then we have begun to forge for ourselves chains of slavery which will bind us with ever firmer bonds to the most fickle and unreasonable of tyrants.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER X.

ONE day, a few weeks later in the course of events we are recording, Miss Gimp was a little fluttered by seeing a handsome carriage draw up before her humble dwelling. She looked, of course, for a richly dressed lady to emerge from so elegant a vehicle; but instead, a plainly attired girl, evidently a domestic in some family, stepped upon the ground. The dressmaker was already in the door.

"Does Miss Gimp live here?" asked the girl.
 "That is my name: will you walk in?" said the dressmaker.

The girl entered and took the chair that was proffered.

"Are you very busy at this time?" she inquired.

"Not very," answered Miss Gimp.

"Have you a week to spare?"

"I don't know about that," replied the dressmaker. "Who wants me for a week?"

"Mrs. Barclay."

"Mrs. Barclay over at Beechwood?"

"Yes. You made a dress for her last fall, I believe?"

"Yes. When does she want me?"

"Right away, if you can come."

Miss Gimp considered a little while.

"I have two dresses to finish," said she; "after that, I can go to Mrs. Barclay."

"How long will it take you to finish these dresses?" asked the girl.

"To-day and to-morrow."

"Then you can come the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll say so to Mrs. Barclay. At what time in the morning will you be ready?"

"As early as you please."

"Say eight o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said the girl; "I will be over for you in the carriage by that time."

Miss Gimp was very good at promising, and at performing also, when it suited her to keep her engagements. In the present case she meant to be as good as her word, even though in keeping her word to Mrs. Barclay she broke it to her very particular friends, Mrs. Jarvis and the storekeeper's wife, for both of whom she had promised to make dresses as soon as the work on hand was finished. The Barclays were wealthy people and she could afford to disappoint her less pretending neighbors for the sake of making favor with them.

According to appointment, the handsome carriage drew up before the dressmaker's door exactly at eight o'clock on the day agreed upon, and Miss Gimp, conscious of having acquired a new

importance, was soon reposing among its luxurious cushions. Past the dwelling of Mrs. Willis drove the elegant vehicle, and Miss Gimp did not fail to lean from the window to throw a smile at the storekeeper's wife, who exclaimed to herself:

"Why, bless us! What does all this mean?"

A brisk drive of half an hour brought them to the stately residence of the Barclays—the finest within a circle of twenty miles. Mrs. Barclay, a handsome but dignified woman—her age was not over thirty-five—received the dressmaker kindly, but with a manner that at once repelled all gossiping familiarity. She had sent for her as a workwoman, to perform a needed service, and wished for nothing beyond; and it was but a little while before Miss Gimp understood this clearly. Two or three times during the first day she tried to draw Mrs. Barclay out; but it was of no use—the lady wanted her skill as a dressmaker, but beyond this neither asked nor received anything.

"Proud—haughty—stuck up!" Many times did Miss Gimp repeat these words to herself by way of consolation in her disappointment at not being questioned by Mrs. Barclay about people for whom she had worked. There were the Wilsons and the Mayfields—she had made dresses for them, and quietly intimated the fact—of whom, considering their position, Mrs. Barclay must want to hear the dressmaker's opinion. But not the slightest sign of interest was manifested by the lady. Once or twice Miss Gimp alluded to them in a way that she believed would draw Mrs. Barclay out; but the allusion was met by a frigid silence.

Mrs. Barclay had a daughter in her fifteenth year who, though but a child, was as reserved toward the dressmaker as her mother. Miss Gimp tried hard to win her confidence by a chatty familiarity; but Florence repelled all these advances—politely, yet effectually.

On the second day of Miss Gimp's rather uncomfortable sojourn in this family, where she was appreciated only for her skill in mantua-making, she heard Mrs. Barclay remark to her daughter in a low voice:

"Your Aunt Edith Beaufort will be here to-morrow."

"She will?" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Florence that instantly quickened the ears of Miss Gimp, who bent closer to her work in order to seem entirely absorbed therein.

"Yes. I received a note from her a little while ago. Jacob brought it over," answered the mother.

"I thought she was going back to Clifton after finishing her visit to Mrs. Larch?"

"She intended doing so when she left here; but she wants to see your father about some business matters that she says needs attention."

"How long is she going to stay?" inquired Florence.

"A week, she says."

"I don't like Aunt Edith, and I can't help it," remarked Florence. "I never feel pleasant when she is here, and am always relieved from a kind of pressure on my feelings when she goes."

"You should try to overcome this," said Mrs. Barclay. "Your aunt is always kind, and I think much attached to you. She has her peculiarities, as we all have; and toleration of individual peculiarities, as I have often said to you, is a common duty we owe to each other."

"I often wish, mother," replied the girl, in a gentler tone, "that I were more like you—that I could forget and deny myself for the sake of others as much as you do."

"It is not in our power," said Mrs. Barclay, "to love others and see their good by a mere effort of the will. Desire is fruitless unless it flows into action. What we have to do is to be externally kind and forbearing—to do that good to others which reason and religion enjoin upon us. This may require some effort and self-denial in the beginning; but acts from right principles form receptacles in the mind into which our affections can flow and find a permanent abiding place. What is mere duty at first becomes delight in the end."

Florence bent her head, listening attentively, and seeking to find in her mother's earnestly spoken words the power to overcome. And she did receive strength.

Miss Gimp, whose ears had taken in every word of this conversation, was puzzled to comprehend its full meaning. The words she understood; but to hear such words from the lips of Mrs. Barclay, whom she had regarded only as a proud woman of the world, bewildered her. Could they be spoken sincerely? Yet there was no room for doubt. They were the utterances of a mother, and made only for the ears of a beloved and confiding child. In spite of her wounded self-love, Miss Gimp could not but feel respect for Mrs. Barclay. From that time she was subdued and reserved in her presence.

On the next day Aunt Edith Beaufort came. She was a woman past middle life—tall and dignified in person, somewhat proud and stately in her carriage, and with eyes that, when they looked at any one steadily, seemed to reach inward to the very thoughts. A close observer would not fail to see a certain cloaking of her purposes. While she sought to read every one, she as sedulously tried to keep herself impenetrable.

Mrs. Beaufort had none of the high-minded scruples that prevented her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barclay, from listening to the idle or malicious gossip of the dressmaker. On the other hand, she

rather encouraged Miss Gimp to talk. On the morning after her arrival Mrs. Barclay and her daughter rode out. They were gone a couple of hours, and a portion of this time was spent by Mrs. Beaufort in the department where the dressmaker was at work.

"What kind of a man," said she, during a pause in Miss Gimp's tittle-tattle, "is your carpenter? Harding, I believe, is his name."

"Oh! a very bad sort of a man," promptly answered Miss Gimp. "The worst man I ever knew."

A slight shadow flitted over the countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, and there came a huskiness in her voice as she said:

"Bad in what way?"

"In every way."

"Bad-tempered?" inquired Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'd think so, if you'd ever seen him among his children. He came near killing his eldest boy two or three weeks ago."

"How?"

"He stole money and lied, and played truant into the bargain. His father beat him almost to death."

"He did?"

"Yes, indeed! The poor little fellow is only eight years old, and if he did do wrong wasn't to be treated like a dog or a vicious horse."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed, and fell into a state of mental abstraction from which the dressmaker soon aroused her by saying:

"The strangest and saddest thing of all is, somebody left a little, helpless infant at their door not long since."

Mrs. Beaufort started.

"Well, what of it?" she said, partially averting her face.

"What of it? They might as well have placed a lamb among wolves."

"You speak strongly, Miss Gimp." Mrs. Beaufort now fixed her eyes upon her with a searching look. "Have you heard of their ill-treating the child?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Gimp. "The fact is, nobody hardly ever goes there. But what are you to expect of people who treat their own children as if they were wild animals instead of human beings?"

"Have you seen the stranger baby of whom you speak?" inquired the lady.

"Oh! yes."

"What kind of a baby is it?"

"One born for a better lot than that which has been so cruelly assigned to it. The mother who could desert that child had a heart of stone. It is the sweetest, loveliest little darling that ever I saw; and everybody says the same."

"Does no one suspect from whence it came?"

Miss Gimp looked knowing as she answered:

"Everyone has the liberty of guessing, madam."

"True. But what ground for guessing is there in the present case?"

"We know one thing for certain," replied Miss Gimp. "It came not a hundred miles from Beechwood."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Beaufort manifested some surprise.

"What reason have you for saying this?"

"The woman who left it at Harding's was seen."

"Who saw her?"

There was, on the part of Mrs. Beaufort, an evident desire to conceal the interest she felt in the subject which did not escape the quick penetration of Miss Gimp.

"Harry Wilkins, a neighbor of mine, saw her. He met her carrying a basket as he was going over to Beechwood. She acted strangely and this caused him to notice her. As he was returning home he met her again, without the basket. It was on the very evening the babe was found."

"And that is all you know about it?" said Mrs. Beaufort, the earnestness of manner shown a little while before all gone.

"All I know now, certainly; but not all I expect to know," replied Miss Gimp. "Harry Wilkins says that he got a good look at the young woman's face, and that he would know it again among thousands. He thinks he saw her about two weeks ago, and, if it hadn't been just where it was, he would have been sure of it."

The interest of Mrs. Beaufort reawakened.

"Where did he think he saw her?"

"Over at Clifton."

Mrs. Beaufort gave a slight start. The eyes of Miss Gimp were fixed intently upon the lady, in whose face she read much more than Mrs. Beaufort wished to reveal. The two looked earnestly at each other for some moments, and their eyes fell to the floor. Nearly a minute of silence followed. Mrs. Beaufort then said, with apparent indifference:

"Over at Clifton?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was riding over there to see a man on some business, when, just as he came in sight of the village, a carriage drove by having in it two ladies. One of them, he is almost sure, was the woman he saw on the night the child was found. If her veil hadn't been partly over her face he would have been in no doubt. He says that he turned his horse and rode after the carriage until he saw where it stopped."

"He did?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he describe the house?"

"Yes. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house with beautiful grounds about it."

"Did he ask who lived there?"

"Yes; but he forgot the name. He's going over there in a few weeks, and then he will learn

all he can about the people who live in the house. So, you see, ma'am, we are likely to find out something."

Mrs. Beaufort made no answer, but sat lost in the tangled maze of her own thoughts for a long time. Ever and anon the dressmaker would cast stealthy glances toward her, but the lady seemed all unconscious of observation. Her face, now in repose, and taking its hue from the tenor of her thoughts, was one to puzzle a wiser physiognomist than Miss Gimp. Its expression was bad—bad, as indicating the long predominance of selfish purposes and an overmastering self-will. And yet it contained traces of an old beauty. The lines were sharpened by pride and passion, not rounded by a debasing sensuality. Yet was not all bad. A softness about the delicately formed mouth and gently rounded chin showed that all the true woman in her had not suffered obliteration. Without speaking, she at length arose and went from the apartment with a slow, stately step.

"I'll read that riddle before I'm done with it," said the dressmaker, letting her hands fall into her lap the moment she was alone, and raising her body into an erect position. "My lady knows all about this matter, or I'm mistaken. Let me see. Clifton? Didn't Florence Barclay say something about her aunt's going back to Clifton? Be sure she did! I remember it now distinctly."

What a light flashed into the shriveled face of Miss Gimp!

"And then," she continued, "what interest, I wonder, could this woman feel in a man like Harding if there were not something behind the curtain? How did *she* know there *was* such a man? It's all clear as daylight. I see it as plainly as I do that butterfly on the window. I'll call at Harry Wilkins's as soon as I go home and tell him to be sure and find out the name of them people the next time he goes over to Clifton. I wouldn't be much afraid to bet—"

The door opened, and Mrs. Beaufort re-entered. She had a silk dress in her hand, one of the breadths of which had received an ugly rent.

"Can you mend that neatly for me?" said she, as she held the dress toward Miss Gimp.

The latter examined the rent.

"The edges are very much frayed out; but I will do the best I can."

"I would like you to do it now. I wish to wear the dress this afternoon."

Miss Gimp laid aside the work on which she was engaged, and commenced repairing the damaged silk, while Mrs. Beaufort sat by, looking on.

"You think," said the latter, speaking as if she were continuing a conversation, "that your neighbors will ill-treat the babe?"

"If they ill-treat their own children, what can you hope for other people's that fall into their

hands? It's my opinion that the neighbors ought to take it away from them and send it to the poor-house; and I've said so from the beginning. But what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

"Is Harding getting along pretty well?" Mrs. Beaufort inquired, after a pause.

"Men like him never get along well," answered the uncompromising dressmaker.

"Isn't he a good workman?"

"The best in twenty miles round, I've heard it said. But what does that signify?"

"Does he drink?"

"He's seen too often at Stark's tavern, if that indicates anything. I can't say that he gets drunk; but you know to what tavern-going leads."

"Is he at all beforehand in the world?" inquired the lady.

"He's in debt at the store. Mrs. Willits told me this herself, and that her husband was going to stop trusting him."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed gently, as if some unpleasant thought had flitted across her mind. Then she changed the subject and did not once again allude to it even remotely. After the torn dress was mended she thanked Miss Gimp in a reserved and dignified manner and withdrew from the room. The dressmaker did not see her again, and only learned incidentally that she left for her home on the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

THE feeble aspirations for a better life which had been awakened in the breast of Jacob Harding struggled not toward activity without frequent assaults from the tempter. Too deeply interwoven in the very texture of his moral nature were evil inclinations, made strong by long indulgence, for good to gain an easy victory. His life for years had been one of disorder, internal as well as external; and now, when there came to him faint and far-off glimpses of the beauty and desirableness of order, virtue, and religion, the new creation—it could be nothing less—seemed so near to an impossibility that his heart grew faint at times—almost despairing.

External causes of disturbance were added to the awakening conflict within. On some days everything would go wrong with him, and he would return to his home when evening closed in so fretted a state of mind that his coming fell upon his household like a shadow. But the shadow darkened only for a little while. The presence of Grace was a perpetual sunshine, and the dense clouds that gathered at times, around the carpenter's stormy spirit could not wholly shut out the light and warmth diffused so genially around her. With the babe in his arms, or lying against his breast, the enemies of his spirit as-

saulted him in vain. Deeply disturbed though he might have been by the conflicts of the day, peace now folded her wings in his heart. However much doubt and despondency arising from worldly disappointments had overshadowed him with gloom, the soft cheek of the little one was never laid against his own without his feeling a tranquil confidence that, even as God was providing for the helpless innocent, so would He provide for him. In the clear depths of her beautiful eyes he always saw a light that seemed to make plainer the way before him.

But had not the babe's influence been felt by others of his household as well as by himself, Harding would have struggled for self-conquest in vain. Happily, over all the silent power of her beauty and innocence continued to prevail, and in a marked degree over Mrs. Harding. Thus, in the better life up to which all were voluntarily or involuntarily aspiring a kind of equipoise was established. The disturbed forces had received a new and better adjustment. One great gain on the part of both Harding and his wife was this: each had learned to repress the utterance of captious or ill-natured words. In former times, unkindness of thought found ever a quick outbirth in harsh, exciting language that never failed to produce a storm of passion. These storms, and their too often fearful ravages, each remembered too well; and in the mind of each was a sufficient dread of their recurrence to induce a watchful self-control.

Since the fearful night in which Andrew suffered so many terrors there had been a great change in this wayward boy. Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, seeing the impression that remained, and feeling for him a kind interest, made it a point to notice him and to endeavor as carefully and judiciously as was in his power to awaken and foster his self-respect. At least once a week he would drop in at the carpenter's, and never failed on these occasions to speak a word in praise of Andrew's good conduct and studiousness. The lad's gratified look whenever this was done gave him broad ground for hope in the future.

The change in Andrew was another readjusted weight in the balancing of moral forces to which we have referred. Without this particular readjustment the new equipoise seen in the carpenter's family could hardly have been maintained. Little trouble was required in the management of the younger children, now that Andrew's baleful influence over them was in a great measure withdrawn; and this left a diminished evil pressure on the temper of Mrs. Harding.

A man like Jacob Harding is never a popular man. He is sure to offend in his business intercourse with others and to make enemies. Of the carpenter there were few to speak a good word, beyond the fact that he was a better workman than he

was to be found. This reputation had insured him work that otherwise would have found its way to the shop of a better-natured but in no way so reliable a mechanic, who lived in Beechwood. But there are men who will sacrifice their interests quicker than their feelings. Two of this class, who had employed the carpenter for some years and given him a good deal of work in that time, becoming offended in consequence of some hasty words on the part of Harding, withdrew their patronage and influence and gave both to a young beginner in a neighboring village. One of those men was about erecting a handsome dwelling, for which Harding had furnished a part of the plans and in the building of which he had expected to make a better profit than usually fell to his share. On learning the decision that had been made in favor of a rival workman, the carpenter was oppressed with a sense of discouragement so great that it seemed to him as if a high mountain were suddenly thrown across his path. Not as had been usual with him when things went wrong did he give way to a burst of passion when the fact was announced that his old customers had withdrawn their work.

"All right," he answered, in a voice of forced calmness; and the messenger who brought the intelligence left his shop, little dreaming that the seemingly unmoved carpenter had well-nigh staggered under his words as if they had been heavy blows. Upon these two customers Harding had depended for the best of his season's work. All his other engagements were of minor importance, and the profit to accrue therefrom scarcely sufficed to provide food for his table. Of the causes leading to this result he was by no means ignorant. In his last interview with both of the parties he had suffered himself to get very much annoyed at certain propositions which he thought involved a question of his honesty. Rough and plain spoken, he flung back upon them the fancied imputation in so offensive a manner as to make them angry, and they left him under a good deal of excitement. This, he doubted not, would pass off and leave them ready to complete arrangements as before. But the sequel showed his error.

Never before had the carpenter's way seemed so closely hedged—never had he felt such an oppressive sense of doubt and fear as he looked into the future. Work he usually had in plenty. It came crowding in upon him from all sides, and he was oftener worried on account of its superabundance than concerned for its continuance. He had not always executed with promptness; and to this fact might be traced one of the causes of his want of thrift.

It was nearly half an hour after this unpleasant intelligence had been received that Harding stood leaning on his work-bench, the chisel with which

he had been cutting a mortice resting idly in his hand, when a form darkened his shop-door and a familiar voice said:

"Good-afternoon, friend Harding?"

The carpenter lifted his eyes and met the pleasant, always cheerful face of Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, who was on his way home after the close of his afternoon session.

"You seem troubled," said the latter. Harding had looked at him without replying. "There's nothing wrong with you, I hope? I thought I'd just drop in to say that Andrew is getting on finely."

"I'm glad to hear it." There was a huskiness in the carpenter's voice that betrayed his unhappy state.

"None of your family sick, I hope?" said Mr. Long, with a kind interest that won upon the carpenter's feelings.

"All reasonably well, I thank you."

"Anything wrong in your business?"

"I'm sorry to say that there is," replied Harding. "I have just lost my whole season's work."

"How comes that?" said Mr. Long.

"Two buildings that I had engaged have gone into the hands of another carpenter, and I am left without a single contract of any importance."

"That is bad," remarked the schoolmaster.

"It is bad for a man in my situation, with a large family on his hands. What I am to do Heaven only knows!"

Mr. Long was struck with the tone of despondency in which these words were uttered. Observing the prompting impulse of the moment, he answered:

"You may trust in Heaven, Mr. Harding. He that feedeth the ravens will not suffer you to want."

The words of the schoolmaster produced a momentary disturbance in the mind of Harding, who replied, with some bitterness of manner:

"Oh! as for me, I don't pretend to have any claims on Heaven."

"All men," replied Mr. Long, "have claims on their Maker for things needful to sustain life and give them the ability to do useful service in the world. For these you may look with confidence. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction without seeing that it is opened in another. All will come out right, neighbor Harding—never fear."

"But I do fear," was the desponding answer.

"To my knowledge, no one else is going to build this summer. Unless there comes a hurricane, unroofing half a dozen barns and houses, I see no chance of work during the season."

Harding said this with affected humor; yet his tones failed to conceal the bitterness and distrust within.

"Not a good direction for any one's thoughts

to take," said Mr. Long, seriously. "Providence will open the way before you, I trust, without the aid of hurricanes or any other ministers of destruction."

"I hope so; but I see little to encourage me."

Even while the carpenter said this a neighboring farmer entered his shop and asked the question:

"Are you very busy just now, Mr. Harding?"

"Not particularly so," was answered.

"Will you call over and see me in the morning? I wish to talk with you about putting a new roof on my barn. I did think of trusting it until next spring, but I've been examining it rather closely to-day and don't think it will be safe to run the risk, especially as there is every prospect of large crops this summer. In fact, I have decided to have a new roof. So, if you'll call over to-morrow morning we will arrange to have it done."

Harding promised to see the farmer bright and early on the next morning. Receiving this assurance, the latter departed. The schoolmaster had remained during this brief interview, and, when the farmer left, remarked, with a smile:

"It is true as I said, neighbor Harding. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another."

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"Did it never occur to you," said Mr. Long, "that in the dealings of Providence with men something beyond the provision of mere food and raiment was involved. Have your thoughts never reached beyond the question of pork and corn-meal?"

"I don't understand you." The carpenter looked slightly bewildered.

"Man has two lives," said Mr. Long—"a life of the body and a life of the soul. To one of these lives has been appointed a comparatively short duration; the other is unending."

The carpenter leaned his head in an attitude of attention; seeing which, Mr. Long continued:

"God is an eternal being; and it is plain, from the fact that He has given to the soul of man an eternal existence, that He must regard the wants and destiny of the spirit as in every way of primary account when compared with the wants and destiny of the body. Let this thought find a distinct resting-place in your mind, neighbor Harding, and then you will begin to have some glimpses of higher truths."

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"I should have said, from pain of body, or pain of mind?"

"I've never had much sickness," said Harding, beginning to have a dim perception of the schoolmaster's meaning.

"And yet you have suffered deeply. Mentally—or in your spirit—you were in great pain only a little while ago."

"True, very true." The carpenter spoke partly to himself, as if new thoughts were coming. "Yes, I have suffered pain of mind. I always suffer pain of mind. As for bodily suffering, I can bear that; but mental suffering drives me at times almost beside myself."

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"Never. And yet it seems strange how I could have failed to do so."

"If pain of mind is more acute than pain of body," said Mr. Long, "is it not fair to conclude that the mind or spirit is capable of far higher pleasures than the body?"

"Yes, I suppose that is so."

"Let us take it for granted—and this is no difficult matter—that God, our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, is a Being of infinite benevolence—that love is His essential nature: it will follow as a consequence that He not only desires but seeks the good of His creatures. You are one of this number, and one toward whom His heart must be moved with pity, for your spirit has suffered much. Thus far in life you have known little of the true enjoyment that God desires for all the children of men. What a dark, weary way it has been to you!"

"Yes, dark as Egypt at times," muttered the carpenter.

"Let us go back a little," said the schoolmaster.

"It is plain that in the way you have been going matters have not improved much. You are no happier now than you were six months ago."

"I don't know about that," answered Harding.

"I don't know about that. Maybe you may think me foolish, but I can't help it. Since that strange baby came into our family I have felt like another man. I don't know how it is, but the dear little thing has crept right into my heart, and brought with it something of its pure and gentle nature. The truth is, Mr. Long, I'm not the same man I was before Heaven sent that child to my door."

"Heaven sent it. You have used the right

was to be found. This reputation had insured him work that otherwise would have found its way to the shop of a better-natured but in no way so reliable a mechanic, who lived in Beechwood. But there are men who will sacrifice their interests quicker than their feelings. Two of this class, who had employed the carpenter for some years and given him a good deal of work in that time, becoming offended in consequence of some hasty words on the part of Harding, withdrew their patronage and influence and gave both to a young beginner in a neighboring village. One of those men was about erecting a handsome dwelling, for which Harding had furnished a part of the plans and in the building of which he had expected to make a better profit than usually fell to his share. On learning the decision that had been made in favor of a rival workman, the carpenter was oppressed with a sense of discouragement so great that it seemed to him as if a high mountain were suddenly thrown across his path. Not as had been usual with him when things went wrong did he give way to a burst of passion when the fact was announced that his old customers had withdrawn their work.

"All right," he answered, in a voice of forced calmness; and the messenger who brought the intelligence left his shop, little dreaming that the seemingly unmoved carpenter had well-nigh staggered under his words as if they had been heavy blows. Upon these two customers Harding had depended for the best of his season's work. All his other engagements were of minor importance, and the profit to accrue therefrom scarcely sufficed to provide food for his table. Of the causes leading to this result he was by no means ignorant. In his last interview with both of the parties he had suffered himself to get very much annoyed at certain propositions which he thought involved a question of his honesty. Rough and plain spoken, he flung back upon them the fancied imputation in so offensive a manner as to make them angry, and they left him under a good deal of excitement. This, he doubted not, would pass off and leave them ready to complete arrangements as before. But the sequel showed his error.

Never before had the carpenter's way seemed so closely hedged—never had he felt such an oppressive sense of doubt and fear as he looked into the future. Work he usually had in plenty. It came crowding in upon him from all sides, and he was oftener worried on account of its superabundance than concerned for its continuance. He had not always executed with promptness; and to this fact might be traced one of the causes of his want of thrift.

It was nearly half an hour after this unpleasant intelligence had been received that Harding stood leaning on his work-bench, the chisel with which

he had been cutting a mortice resting idly in his hand, when a form darkened his shop-door and a familiar voice said:

"Good-afternoon, friend Harding?"

The carpenter lifted his eyes and met the pleasant, always cheerful face of Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, who was on his way home after the close of his afternoon session.

"You seem troubled," said the latter. Harding had looked at him without replying. "There's nothing wrong with you, I hope? I thought I'd just drop in to say that Andrew is getting on finely."

"I'm glad to hear it." There was a huskiness in the carpenter's voice that betrayed his unhappy state.

"None of your family sick, I hope?" said Mr. Long, with a kind interest that won upon the carpenter's feelings.

"All reasonably well, I thank you."

"Anything wrong in your business?"

"I'm sorry to say that there is," replied Harding. "I have just lost my whole season's work."

"How comes that?" said Mr. Long.

"Two buildings that I had engaged have gone into the hands of another carpenter, and I am left without a single contract of any importance."

"That is bad," remarked the schoolmaster.

"It is bad for a man in my situation, with a large family on his hands. What I am to do Heaven only knows!"

Mr. Long was struck with the tone of despondency in which these words were uttered. Obeying the prompting impulse of the moment, he answered:

"You may trust in Heaven, Mr. Harding. He that feedeth the ravens will not suffer you to want."

The words of the schoolmaster produced a momentary disturbance in the mind of Harding, who replied, with some bitterness of manner:

"Oh! as for me, I don't pretend to have any claims on Heaven."

"All men," replied Mr. Long, "have claims on their Maker for things needful to sustain life and give them the ability to do useful service in the world. For these you may look with confidence. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction without seeing that it is opened in another. All will come out right, neighbor Harding—never fear."

"But I do fear," was the desponding answer. "To my knowledge, no one else is going to build this summer. Unless there comes a hurricane, unroofing half a dozen barns and houses, I see no chance of work during the season."

Harding said this with affected humor; yet his tones failed to conceal the bitterness and distrust within.

"Not a good direction for any one's thoughts

to take," said Mr. Long, seriously. "Providence will open the way before you, I trust, without the aid of hurricanes or any other ministers of destruction."

"I hope so; but I see little to encourage me."

Even while the carpenter said this a neighboring farmer entered his shop and asked the question:

"Are you very busy just now, Mr. Harding?"

"Not particularly so," was answered.

"Will you call over and see me in the morning? I wish to talk with you about putting a new roof on my barn. I did think of trusting it until next spring, but I've been examining it rather closely to-day and don't think it will be safe to run the risk, especially as there is every prospect of large crops this summer. In fact, I have decided to have a new roof. So, if you'll call over to-morrow morning we will arrange to have it done."

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words, neighbor Harding. All good gifts are from Heaven. In love to you, God bestowed this blessing; not to give ease or comfort or pleasure to your body, but for the health and joy of your spirit. Ah! I am glad to hear this confession from your lips. And now let me suggest a thought. May not the disappointment you have suffered to-day, and which was for a time so bitter, be productive of higher benefits than any you could have received had all things gone according to your wishes?"

"I do not see your meaning clearly," said the carpenter.

"Our present conversation would otherwise hardly have occurred," suggested Mr. Long.

"No; I think not."

"Is it not clear then? Think."

"Perhaps you are right," said Harding, in a thoughtful manner. "You have certainly filled my mind with new ideas. Come over and see me in the evening sometimes, won't you? I'd like to talk with you again of these things. They sound strangely—and yet my mind assents to them as true."

"Nothing is truer," replied the schoolmaster, "than that the eyes of God are over all His works, and that He leadeth His erring creatures by ways that they know not, ever seeking to bring them from the darkness of natural evil into the pure light of His truth. And thus He is seeking to lead you, neighbor Harding. Ah! resist not, but gently yield yourself to Divine guidance. But I have said enough for the present. Yes, I will call over and see you, and if you still find interest in these subjects we will talk of them again."

What a change had taken place with the carpenter in the brief space of half an hour!—a change from deep agitation of mind and a paralyzing distrust to a calm and hopeful spirit. Not to the fact of work having come from an unexpected quarter was this chiefly to be ascribed. That was but the foundation, so to speak, on which a higher and juster conception of Providence had been raised. His step was firmer, his head more elevated, and his countenance marred by fewer lines of care as he took his way homeward. No shadow fell across the threshold as he entered; and no heartshrink with fear at the sound of his voice, that seemed to have gained new tones and gentler modulations.

CHAPTER XII.

THE schoolmaster's words, only dimly apprehended at first, lingered in the mind of Harding; and as he pondered them new suggestions came and new light seemed to break in upon him. There was a higher and better life than the life of the body—wants that no natural sources could

supply—sufferings that no earthly physician could alleviate. How clear all this became the longer his mind rested on what his neighbor had said! and he half wondered that until now no thought of such important truths had come to him.

Happily, all things at home harmonized with the carpenter's state of mind on that evening. Andrew he found, on his return, busy over his lesson; Lucy had dear little Grace in her arms; and Lotty and Philip, who rarely disagreed if no one interfered with them, were playing together and singing to themselves as happily as if nothing had ever ruffled the quiet surface of their feelings. The influence of Mr. Long over Andrew, since his particular interest in him had been awakened and since he had discovered the right avenue by which to reach his feelings, was remarkable. Having secured the good opinion of Mr. Long—to have the good opinion of any one was a new experience for the lad—Andrew was particularly desirous to retain it. A kind look—an approving word—what ample rewards were they for all effort and self-denial! In these he found a pleasure far above anything that evil indulgence or wrong-doing gave; and, best of all, they left no painful after-consequences.

"That's right, Andrew," said Mr. Harding, approvingly, as he came in and saw how the boy was occupied. "It gives me real pleasure to see you studying your lessons."

What a glow of delight these words sent to the heart of the boy! What a beaming smile irradiated his countenance as he looked up gratefully into his father's face!

Mr. Harding laid his hand gently upon Andrew's head. The act was involuntary and sprang from a passing mood of gentler feeling. How the touch thrilled along every nerve in the child's being! Memory was at fault in her efforts to recall the time when that hand rested upon him in affectionate approval before. Lower bent his head and closer to his face was the book lifted. None saw that his eyes were suddenly dimmed, and none but he knew that the page before him was wetted by a tear.

A cry of pleasure from the babe now greeted the ears of Harding; and in the next moment Grace was in his arms and hugged tightly to his heart. At this instant a shadow fell across the threshold—the twilight was already gathering—and the strange woman who had visited them a few weeks previously stood in the door. Her dark, keen eyes took in the whole scene presented to her at a glance.

"Good-evening, friends," she said, half familiarly, half respectfully, and without invitation she entered.

"Good-evening, madam," returned Harding, approaching her by a step or two. Grace had laid her head closely against his breast, and was

nestling there with a happy, confiding look on her sweet young face.

"Will you take a chair, madam?"

The chair was proffered and accepted. At the same time the woman laid off her bonnet.

"You were so kind at my last visit that I hardly feel like a stranger," said she, as she adjusted her cap and pushed back under it a portion of her black hair in which gray lines were visible.

"That dear babe again," she added, as she fixed her eyes intently on Grace. "I never saw a lovelier creature."

Mrs. Harding entered at this moment from the kitchen, where she had been preparing supper. At sight of the woman she started and looked disturbed.

"Good-evening, ma'am."

The stranger fixed her eyes penetratingly upon her.

"Good-evening," was coldly returned.

"In passing this way again, I could not resist the inclination to call, if for no other reason than to thank you for your former kindness and to apologize for my abrupt departure. It was necessary for me to be at Beechwood at a very early hour, and I did not wish to disturb you or tax your hospitality for an early breakfast."

The blandness and easy self-possession with which this was said overcame in a measure the instinctive repugnance of Mrs. Harding. Still, she did not like the woman and felt ill at ease in her presence. With as good a grace as possible she bade her welcome. From the woman's manner it was evidently her intention to remain to supper, and in all probability through the night. Indeed, she soon intimated this to the carpenter and his wife, who could do no less than invite her to remain and with as much show of cordiality as possible. The object of her visit was matter of little question to them. Too distinct was their remembrance of her conduct on a previous occasion—and of the intimation then given by her—to leave any room to doubt that she had a personal interest in Grace and now came solely on this account.

All eye and all ear was the stranger to everything that passed in the family of Jacob Harding. The carpenter's face she scanned with so close a scrutiny that he often found his eyes drooping beneath the singular gaze that was fixed upon him. The movements of Mrs. Harding were also closely observed, and not a word passed between the children that she did not weigh its meaning.

Whether it were from the presence of this dignified stranger, or from the subduing effects of better states of mind, the children were unusually well-behaved and orderly during supper-time. Lucy proposed to wait and be the nurse of Grace

during the meal, although her mother said that she could hold the babe and attend the table well enough.

After supper the woman succeeded, after many ineffectual attempts, in alluring Grace from Mr. Harding. The little one looked half frightened as she passed to the arms of the stranger, and then immediately reached out her hands to go back. But, being retained, her lips began to curve and a low murmur of fear was audible.

"Come back, then, darling!" said the carpenter, lovingly; and he took her from the woman almost by force. What a happy change was seen instantly in the sweet young face, and with what a manifest joy did the little one shrink to the manly breast and cling there as if it had found a home of safety!

"You love that child?" said the woman. Her tones were grave and her proud lips firm.

"Yes; better than anything in this world."

"It is not your own child?" added the woman.

"It is mine by the gift of God," said the carpenter, with a depth of feeling in his voice that surprised his auditor. "Some one—I do not think she is worthy the name of woman—deserted it at our door."

The woman moved uneasily and partly averted her face.

"Abandoned," continued the carpenter, "by her to whom God had given a precious gift, the guardianship was transferred to us. We have accepted it gladly—thankfully. And who will now dare say that the child is not ours? Such words must not be spoken here!"

The natural warmth of Harding's temperament betrayed him into an indignant vehemence which caused the woman to shrink back from him a little way and to look surprised, almost fearful.

"We cannot hear such words spoken," repeated the carpenter in a gentler voice. "God sent an angel to our household when he sent this babe, and we have made room for her—room for her in our home and room for her in our hearts."

The woman sat for some time with her eyes upon the floor.

"Rather say"—thus she spoke in a low voice—"that God *lent* her to you—lent her, it may be, only for a little while. It is not well to fix the heart too idolizingly upon a child. What if her real mother were to come and claim her at your hands?"

"There is her *true* mother," said the carpenter, firmly, and he pointed toward his wife. "A woman gave her life, but *she* gave her love—a mother's love. Her *real* mother! Madam! I would spurn from the door the wretch who dared to say that she brought into existence this sweet young cherub and then abandoned her to perish, or, mayhap, find an unwelcome home among strangers."

"Can an evil tree produce good fruit?" asked the woman, looking at the excited carpenter almost sternly.

"It is said not," he replied.

"Could an evil-hearted mother give birth to so angelic a babe? Think, Mr. Harding."

"Could a good-hearted woman abandon her nursing infant? Think, madam."

The woman's glance covered beneath the steady eyes of the carpenter.

"Can a sweet fountain send forth bitter waters?" The man spoke half to himself. "No—no—no."

"State the case as you will," said the woman, "and the difficulty is the same. Here is a babe in which all goodness seems concentrated. I cannot believe, nor can you, that the mother who gave it birth was all evil."

"Why did she abandon it?" replied the carpenter.

"Ah! there lies the question. Do you know?"

"You need not ask."

"She may not have acted freely. There may have been an array of circumstances that crushed out for a time her true life. I can more easily believe this than that her heart was all evil. The baby in your arms contradicts that assumption."

"Mercy!"

This was the startled exclamation of Mrs. Harding, as she arose quickly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on the door, which had swung slowly open. Every glance followed her own. A beautiful young woman, with face as white as marble, stood there, motionless—statue-like. That face the carpenter's wife remembered but too well. She had seen it once before, as it stood out on the background of darkness, and every feature was daguerretyped in her memory.

"Edith! You here! What madness! Go! go!"

The woman started up, and, raising both hands, motioned her energetically to be gone.

"Baby! baby! O my sweet baby!"

And the young creature bounded forward. Ere the bewildered carpenter had time to recover his self-possession she had lifted Grace from his arms and was hugging her wildly to her heart.

"O baby! Grace! Darling!" What a passionate tenderness was in her voice! "I was wicked, wicked, wicked to give you up! But you are once more against my heart and we will live or die together! Baby! Sweet one! O darling! darling!"

She had moved about the room like one half crazed; but now, as a shower of tears fell over her face, she dropped into a chair and leaning over the child, which she had held close to her bosom, mingled kisses, sobs, and tears for some minutes in a very tempest of emotion.

Meantime, the elder of the two women showed strong agitation, which was repressed only by a vigorous effort. Now her face was dark with

struggling passion, and now so pale and ghastly that it seemed as if her very life's love were suffering its final assault. As soon as the first bewildering excitement was over she went up to the young woman, and, laying her hand upon her with a firm grasp, said, in a tone of remonstrance:

"What madness has come over you, Edith? Give back the child and come away! It is as well cared for as you or I could desire."

The other waved her hand with an imperative gesture as she replied:

"It is useless, mother! My resolve is taken. I will not part with my child. Mine she is—mine—born in lawful wedlock, and there is no earthly power strong enough to drag her from my arms. You may turn from me if you will; you may shut up your heart against me; but mine shall be open to my child—my darling, darling child! Sweet, sweet baby!"

And she again hugged it to her heart.

"The fountain is not dry yet, love," she murmured, in a low, tender voice, as she bared her bosom and drew the babe's soft face against it. "Drink again—drink! I have kept it open for this hour—this hour, that my heart told me would come—must come. There—there. Drink, baby—drink! Drink, and God bless you!"

And as the babe commenced drawing sweet life from this fountain of life, the mother's eyes were lifted heavenward. Her cheeks glowed, and a thrill of exquisite joy trembled along every fibre of her soul.

"Father," she sobbed, "let my tears and thankfulness for this hour of restoration obliterate the record that darkens one page of my life's sad history."

This scene was more than the woman she called her mother could witness unshaken. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her complying child. But nature—free nature—had now asserted her right and swept aside all opposing forces. In Edith's heart the mother love was stronger than the daughter's fear.

"Edith, what am I to understand by all this?" said the woman, speaking with a resolute calmness.

"That I am ready to give up all for my child."

"Give up me?"

The woman held her breath for an answer. Edith did not reply, but bent lower over her babe and drew it closer to her heart.

"Give up me?" repeated the woman.

"Mother! As God liveth I will keep this child. If you turn from me—if you cast me off—well; but, as God liveth, I will keep my child!"

For a little while the frame of the other quivered, as if attacked by a sudden ague fit. Then, stepping back a pace or two, she stood a few moments irresolute. The door of the adjoining room was partly open. Into this she now passed with

a quick movement. A struggle had commenced that she wished to sustain apart from observation. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before her reappearance. Scarcely a change of position or relation had occurred during her brief absence. Her face was very calm, her step deliberate, and her manner self-possessed, like one who has passed from doubtful questions to a certainty.

Going up to her daughter she laid her hand again upon her, saying as she did so:

"Edith, my child!"

The voice was low, calm, and even tender.

"Mother?"

It was the bowed woman's simple response. She did not look up.

"Edith, I may have erred—I know not. If so, it has been for your sake. Love and pride have both been strong. But we will contend no longer. In the future your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

An electric thrill seemed suddenly to awaken the half-dormant sensibilities of the young mother. She looked up with a blending of joy and surprise in her countenance.

"What do I hear? Speak the words again."

"We will contend no longer, Edith. In the future your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

The eyes of Edith closed as she leaned her head back against her mother, whose arm now clasped her. How placid grew her pale young face!—how soft and tender and loving the sweet lips just parting with a smile!

"You have made me happy. Can a mother ask more for her child?"

It was all she said; but the words went trembling down into the agitated heart of that strong, self-willed woman of the world and accomplished their mission.

A kiss—long and fervent—sealed the reconciliation and new compact.

T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.—There are few kinds of weakness more pitiable than that which shrinks in pain and fear before every adverse criticism. One who is excessively sensitive in this direction lives a life of continual anxiety and trouble. He can follow no definite course nor persevere in any settled plan of action, for, however excellent it may be, there will always be some to denounce or ridicule it. Neither can he fully test his own methods, for they are liable to be found fault with at any time. Thus he shifts from one thing to another, ever hoping that the breath of public commendation may waft him safely along, and ever being startled and grieved at the adverse winds from all directions which threaten to overwhelm him in defeat.

MY LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

SUCH a nice, neat, little old gentleman as he was! But oh! how thin and pale he was, and how thin the well-brushed coat he wore on that chilly November day when I first made his acquaintance.

I was all alone that bleak wintry day, and glad to sit close to my sparkling open fire as I watched the dead leaves whirling by the window and driven into the corners of the veranda by the sudden gusts of wind. So when I heard a ring at the door I went and opened it myself, to admit my little old gentleman for the first time.

He had a little, covered basket on his arm, and as he uncovered his silver locks I saw that he was shivering with the cold. So I "did not parley at the doorway," but opened the sitting room door and seated my visitor in an easy chair at the fire-side. At first his lips were so blue and stiff that he could hardly speak, but after a little while he opened the little basket on his knee and took from it some white, knotted tidies. Oh! how familiar they looked! Often as a little child I had watched the white fingers of my invalid mother weaving such meshes as these, but the changes of fashion had passed them by, until they were almost forgotten.

How the old face brightened at my pleasure!

"My old wife made them," he said; "she's pretty near helpless on her feet, this winter, with rheumatiz, but she can do this work yet, and some folks like them. Would you—like—to buy any, do you think, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed!" I answered; "this set now, and more whenever your wife can make them for me. But she is not to hurry. Have her do them only as she feels able."

Oh! to see the glad face of my little old gentleman, as he put my money in his little, empty purse, and listened to my praise of his old wife's dainty work!

"Mother's fingers ain't quite so nimble as they used to be, you know, ma'am," he said; "old age makes us a little stiff—a little stiff! But then we've a good deal to be thankful for; some old folks like us—seventy odd, ma'am—is a burden to their friends, maybe worse. Yes, we have a great deal to thank the Lord for, mother and me!" and my little old gentleman bowed himself out into the bleak wind again, but not out of my thoughts.

Several days went by in which I often thought of the little, thin, bent figure and kindly blue eyes of my new friend, and when I heard at last the timid pull at the doorbell, I knew in a moment it was he. And again I kept him chatting by the fire, and saw him put money into the little, empty purse, and looked at the pale, thin face and threadbare coat, and tried to gather heart of grace to offer him a kindness, but not until I saw him

shrink involuntarily from the keen air that swept over him as he opened the door did I gain courage to hurriedly ask him to step back to the sitting-room a moment, while I ran up-stairs and down again and into my old gentleman's presence with a warm, fine coat over my arm, which a good Providence had made too small for my husband and too nice to give away to any of the numerous tramps who generally divested my store-room of any superfluous garments.

Going up to my little old gentleman I said, in an off-hand way:

"You ought not to have come out to-day without an extra coat, it is so unusually cold. Let me help you put this on. And you might as well keep it, if you will please accept it, for it is very much too small for my husband, and perfectly useless to him, but it fits you nicely!"

The good angels know that my intention was kind, but I felt my face burn as if I had offered the dear old gentleman an insult, when I saw a little flush pass over his cheek as he raised his mild eyes to mine, and answered, gravely:

"I thank you, ma'am, kindly!—kindly!"

After this we were quite friends; and he often came in for a few moments, as he chanced to be passing and I had ordered and bought as much of his wife's work as she could do when she could get no orders elsewhere; for I saw at once that this kind of help was all that they would accept. I had called on them in their tiny home, so poor, but so neat, like the dear old people themselves. She was only able to hobble about the house by the aid of a cane, and kept her bent old fingers always busy, but she was always cheerful and uncomplaining.

At length, one day, my little old gentleman came to me in trouble. The old wife could not finish the work she had commenced for me, for she had a new attack of rheumatism, this time in her hands, and was almost helpless.

"So I have come to return the money you was so good as to advance," he said, "for I don't think mother will ever do any more such work. The poor old hands have toiled these many years, but I'm afraid I shall see them folded away to rest before long!"

And here his voice broke down and the tears trickled down his face as his trembling old fingers tried to get the money out of his purse. But when I absolutely refused to take it he sunk into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child. I tried to comfort him as well as I could, and finally he said:

"I hope you'll forgive me for giving way like this. I ain't quite myself I think, along with the old trouble and the new trouble! If you wouldn't mind I'll tell you about it. Seems to me as if I can't keep it to myself no longer!

"You see when mother and me lived in Ohio

we was pretty well to do. Anyway, we had our little farm and enough to keep us in comfort. But one unfortunate day a neighbor of ours who got into some trouble got me to sign a note with him, and when it came due he was gone, and—and the old farm had to go!

"What to do we didn't know. The little we had was soon gone, and there wasn't much I could get in odd jobs in a little place like that, and we got into pretty sore straits, when I got a letter from this neighbor who had run away, saying that he couldn't take no peace thinking of me and mother all adrift in our old age, so he would do the best he could for us, which was a hundred dollars and a deed to the little house we now live in. So we thought it best to come here, hoping to find something to do to provide for our few wants. But we was too old—too old! City ways wasn't our ways, and an old man like me don't have much chance alongside of scores of young men, all seekin' for work. A few kind people gave me some chores, out of kindness I don't doubt; but then when mother was taken sick I couldn't leave her, and she had to have a doctor, and with one thing and the other I was at last obliged to mortgage the little house and it's—it's got to go Christmas!"

"It is too bad!" I exclaimed. "Can nothing be done? Have you no children?"

"Seven little graves," he said, slowly, "grass-grown this many a year; and one boy livin' or dead—we have never had a word from him for ten years. A heavy cross for his mother to carry—a good mother she always was, too. But Dan! was wild, boy and lad. Not bad, but wild and headstrong, and couldn't be contented on the farm, noways. And at last he—run away! It almost killed his mother! he'd been the apple of her eye—only one left of eight—but he—run away! There has never been a night since that she hasn't thought might maybe bring him home. Not a night that she don't pray to have him kept from evil and brought back! When he went away he left a little note saying that if he ever got rich he would come home again. But I've often thought we could have felt more contented to know that he was safe—with the others!"

Poor old parents! I could well believe it; and my heart ached for them in their distress. Much I could not do, but I begged him to let me be his friend indeed, and aid them so far as I was able.

"You are kind—you are very kind," he answered. "I hope you will see into my heart and believe that I thank you! But the bread of charity would be bitter bread indeed! Maybe I'm wrong, but I have prayed ever since these dark days came that we might die before we came to asking charity."

"It isn't charity!" I said. "It need not be. I

will only lend you a little until we can get your affairs arranged, and we will soon find some way for you to repay whatever you may borrow."

But he only shook his head.

"Not yet!" he replied; "we will wait a little longer. We've still a little left, and we can't tell what the Lord may have in store for us! If the worst comes I shall remember your kindness."

And with this I was obliged to be content.

Then came sickness in my own family, and though I heard from my old friends I did not see them again for some time. But Christmas Day brought me a visit from my old gentleman. The old wife was better; she could get around her rooms again and work a little.

"And how do other matters prosper?" I asked, for I saw he had something unusual on his mind.

"Why, ma'am," he replied, "since your husband got us more time on the mortgage we've been feelin' a good deal easier; but our little savin's have been dwindlein' away more and more, till last night when it come time to have our supper I kept thinkin' mother acted a little queer, and by and by she just come and threw herself down on her knees by me and burst out cryin' as if her heart would break. 'O Nathan! Nathan!' she said. 'My dear old husband, the end has come! This Christmas Eve I have no supper to give you—not so much as a spoonful of meal!' And then I tried to cheer her up and told her of your kind offer, and said, never mind, to-morrow I would see you, and we could do without supper one night. For, you see, she's always been so brave and hopeful it most broke my heart to see her give way so—and I went and got the Bible and read her the Lord's promise that He would never see the righteous forsaken nor their seed beggin' bread. And that seemed to comfort her wonderful. She got calm then and we knelt down and had our usual prayer, and she prayed for Dan'l, her poor, wandering boy, as she always does, when just after we got through we heard a little, soft rap at the door. I went and opened it, but not a sign of anybody could I see. But when I shut the door I saw something white on the floor, and it was this;" and he handed me a folded paper, containing these words:

"OLD PEOPLE:—I was just going to knock at your door to-night, and beg supper and a bed, when I saw the old lady through the window feeling so bad that I stopped to see what was the matter, and I heard all that you said. I've been a pretty rough chap and I ain't very pious, but I never done anything very bad, and I s'pose I've got a good old mother that is praying for me just as you did for your boy to-night. So I divide my pile with you—it's honest money—and I'm going home to my old mother. God bless you, old people.

"A TRAMP."

This note had pinned to it a five-dollar bill!

And then my old people thanked God for this strange gift, and they had some supper after all, and it didn't seem in the least like eating that "bitter bread of charity."

Again, after a few days, my old friend came to me, but so transformed that I could scarcely believe my eyes. Dressed in a warm, handsome, new suit from top to toe, with his face radiant, his kind old eyes shining, and his voice tremulous with joy, he held my hand in both of his and cried out: "The Lord has heard the dear old mother's prayers, and our boy has come home! Yes, Dan'l is here! he came last night, and we are going back home with him! But I couldn't go without coming to see you, the best friend we've had in our trouble, and blessing you for holding our old heads above water till help came."

And so I drew my little old gentleman into the sitting-room for the last time to tell me all about it.

Dan'l had come back rich, and through all his ups and downs he had not forgotten the old father and mother, though he decided not to send back any news until it could be good news. And he went here and there, never stopping long in a place, until his love of adventure at last led him to California, and there he began to steady down, was prospered, and wrote to his parents. But they never got his letters and he did not know it, and so the silence went on. As wealth increased, so did Dan'l desire to see again the old home and find whether or not the old father and mother had died before forgiving their wayward boy. So he came back to the home of his boyhood and began his search, which was soon rewarded.

Rejoicing very heartily with my old friend in his prosperity, I bade him good-bye, promising to call and see them the next day before they left the city.

As I started forth in accordance with this promise, I met James Sullivan, a good-hearted young Irishman, who had long been a special night patrol in our district, and mentioned my destination.

"Then you are going to see the old folks off, are ye, ma'am?" he said. "If you've no objections I'll walk along a bit and tell ye a quare incident in respect to them."

"It was—let me see!—it was on the night before Christmas. I was walkin' along on their street, keepin' kind of a sharp lookout, as it's got to be kind of a second natur to do, you see, ma'am, though it wasn't on my beat, when I saw a fellow walk into the yard and go up to the old folks' house, and stop right before the window where the light was shinin' out. So I just stopped, too, out in the shadow, and thinks I, 'I'll watch you a little, young fellow, and if you mean any mischief to that old couple I'll break ivery bone in your skin

as sure as I'm Jimmy Sullivan.' So he stood there a peerin' in, and I stood a watchin' him. And bimeby I see him put his hand in his pocket and I hurried along and crept up by the alley fence in a jiffy, for I didn't know what he might be plottin', when I see him drawing his sleeve across his eyes, and all at once it popped into me hid, 'That's the baste of a son that's been wearin' the old lady's sowl out these long years, bad luck to him?' And I waited a bit to see the old lady's joy when he should go in, when I saw him tear a leaf out of a note-book that he took from his pocket and kneel down and write on it as he hid it on his knee in the light from the window; then he took some money from his pocket pinned it on the paper, and poked it in under the door. Thin he gave a knock at the door, slouched his hat over his eyes, and over the fence he came, nearly knocking the breath out of me body. But I caught him by the arm, still thinkin' him the son, you see, and says I, 'See here, don't you think it's a little rough on the old lady not to give her a word with ye, afther you've nearly broke her heart all to smithereens?'

"What do you mean?" says he.

"Says I, 'Ain't you her son?'

"No!" says he, 'I never saw her before. Now let me be off! It's all right?' and away he went down the sthreet as if the ould Nick was afther him! And now their son has really come, they say, and I'm glad of it. If I had the makin' of the calendar I'd have their names in among the saints—may the Virgin protect them!"

And Jimmy tipped his hat and left me at the corner. And I saw handsome, happy Dan'l, and bade my dear old people good-bye, and as I looked back, with the sunshine resting on his silver locks and happy face, I saw for the last time my dear little old gentleman!

FAUSTINE.

GOOD AND BAD HUMOR—There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself or to others than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offense. There is a disposition opposite to good humor, which we will call bad humor, of which the tendency is directly contrary, and therefore its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad humor alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offense where none was meant, and leads to envy and to malevolence.

HOW TO STUDY MEDICINE.

WOMEN doctors are now recognized as one of the necessities of advanced civilization. The old prejudice against them has so diminished as to be scarcely worth mentioning. A skilled lady physician can command respect and confidence anywhere.

The work of women doctors, however, can never take the place of that of men, nor should such a thing be expected. But there should be no antagonism between them—one should supplement the other. In a general way, men doctors should attend men patients, and women, women, just as male and female nurses have always been considered necessary members of the community. Certain diseases and modes of treatment seem to belong especially to women physicians. Still, in the present transition age, no strict line can be drawn. Let every physician, man or woman, do all in his or her power to relieve human suffering.

Perhaps some of our young lady readers are among the women physicians of the future. If so, the following hints are for them:

The first thing to do is cultivate a love of the good and the beautiful. Take an interest in art and music and literature; be clean, tasteful in dress, attractive in manner. This may seem a strange way to begin the study of medicine—but wait. Many a worthy woman who has embraced the healing art as her life-work has made the great mistake of neglecting some of the minor accomplishments and graces of society—in short, she was not, strictly speaking, a *lady*. Consequently, the world, pointing to her as an example, said, "Women doctors are coarse and bold and masculine." It is a peculiar truth, but a solemn one, that a woman's dowdy attire may stamp her with the brand of a social Pariah, from which all her gifts of mind and heart cannot redeem her.

I once knew a young lady who began a course of medical study. Immediately an over-anxious friend of the prunes-and-prisms order assailed her thus: "Smooth out your frizzes and take off your jewelry. If you study medicine you ought to look like it."

What *looking like it* meant the girl did not exactly know, but she meekly did as she was told. But what was her surprise after matriculating at the Woman's Medical College to find that the brightest students in the class looked the most like other people.

"Why," laughed one of the pleasantest and prettiest, "I religiously crimp my hair every night, and wear all the finery I can beg or borrow, for if I don't people will say I put on airs because I'm a medical student."

What was our young friend's delight at being able to declare to inquisitive outsiders that *all*

women doctors, full-fledged or otherwise, were not untidy, vulgar, and personally unattractive.

The late lamented Dr. Emeline H. Cleveland was just as beautiful, just as lovely, just as dainty in her dress, just as ladylike in her manner, as she was good, gifted, and noble. She would have attracted attention anywhere as a refined, gentle, womanly woman, even among those who knew nothing of her great work and services to science. And she, a pioneer woman physician, who was among the first to fight single handed an almost life-long battle against prejudice and opposition—she, only a short time before her death, addressed a class of graduates with these golden words: "Let your womanly delicacy rise higher than your profession. Remember, you were women before you were physicians." Not until you have become real, true, cultured women, then, my young friends, are you ready actually to begin the study of medicine.

A true woman, you know, is or ought to be a true Christian. Not that she ought always to connect herself with any particular Church, but she should be tender, affectionate, sympathetic, generous, pure—in short, as much as in her lies, Christlike. But, alas that it should be so! many women physicians nowadays consider it quite "the thing" to affect a leaning toward infidelity. They disguise it sometimes under the names "Truth," "Science," "Reason," and so forth—but it amounts to the same. But this is not the only "intellectual affectation"—if I may so style it—among the sisterhood. Some profess a shockingly unwomanly indifference to pain, and think patients ought to be compelled to swallow bitter drugs or undergo agonizing operations, even when such a thing could be avoided, simply to afford the physician a good "case." "I don't care whether they like it or not," unblushingly declared a woman doctor in my hearing, "I've got something else to do besides giving people sugar-plums!"

Some despise music, painting, or embroidery, innocent games, gay companions, or social pleasures, and, above all, the attentions, even the love and admiration, of the other sex, as "inconsistent with the dignity of my profession." Others lord—or lady—it over "humbler" women-folk as "mere soulless drudges, fit only to wash dishes and bear children." Still others—sincerely, too—put on a great air of sacrifice and resignation, as though in studying medicine they had renounced everything else.

Understand, only *some* women doctors fall into such errors. But, unfortunately, they are enough to bring occasional reproach upon the whole feminine branch of the medical profession. If questioned thoroughly as to the origin of these particular fashions in manners, perhaps one or all interrogated might at last be constrained to reply, "Men do thus and so." But, taking men doctors as

a class, the direct contrary will be found true. There are men doctors who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; men doctors who show sympathy tender as a mother's for all suffering; men doctors who read novels, play the piano, have a good time generally; men doctors who respect humanity as humanity, and men doctors who expect to make money, build nice houses, and enjoy all the comforts of life. But who ever said that these men doctors neglected their profession because they did all these things? The truth of the matter is, they act simply and naturally, just as they would if they were lawyers or carpenters or farmers, never dreaming of a man's occupation changing his manly nature. They remember that they were men before they were physicians.

This is all a woman physician need do—simply be a true woman, a lady. Then, if called upon to relieve distress, let her do it as promptly and as skillfully as she can. The remainder of her time and energy she can devote to her home, her friends, her amusements, her studies, just as any other lady might. She may wear curls and flowers—she may sing or dance or play—she may sew or travel or marry; let her do all these things or none of them—if she proves her medical skill, who dares say that she is not a good physician? Of course, no true woman ever neglects the greater for the less, but what sick person would not rather be visited by a bright, attractive woman than a careless, ill-favored one?

Have I devoted to preliminaries more space than they deserve? Time and experience and observation will probably tell you, No.

Having fully resolved that you are in earnest—that you will take care of yourself mentally, morally, and physically, and do all that you can for your constant improvement—talk to your family physician. There are plenty of difficulties to be encountered, and he or she will tell you so. But find a physician who *will* encourage you, and feel sure of at least one friend on your side. A common practice is to study privately for six months or more with a respectable medical practitioner, who acts as preceptor. By doing so, actual college study may be somewhat shortened.

The year at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, begins and ends in March. Any student who matriculates in that month can graduate exactly three years later. Immediately after Commencement is an auxiliary or spring course of six weeks, in which many incidentals are taught for which there was little or no time during the previous crowded winter session. A lady will find it to her advantage to attend this spring course without waiting till the regular opening of lectures the following October. If she cannot do this she should recite to a preceptor during the spring and summer months. By continuing her studies either way from March to October she

guins six months, whereas by delaying work till autumn, she loses the whole year, as time is always counted from March to March.

The winter lectures extend over seven principal branches. Every student is required to attend two full courses of lectures, besides performing a stated amount of work in the laboratory and dissecting-room. Many ladies take Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry the first year, all the studies the second, at the end of which time they are examined in the above mentioned three, the third year taking the remaining four and finishing the examination. This mode of procedure is known as the progressive course. Others attend all the lectures straight through and do not divide the examination. Some occupy four and five years in attaining the degree of M. D.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, situate at Twenty-first Street and North College Avenue, Philadelphia, is the best and oldest institution of the kind. Many students begin a medical course in other colleges and come here to finish, so anxious are they to have its name on their diplomas. Any woman coming from another college or from practice in a hospital can have the fact credited in her favor.

It is difficult to tell a beginner exactly what books to procure. Medical science progresses, and the list given is often changed from year to year. But Gray's *Anatomy* seems to be the standard in the branch usually taken up first. With this volume in her hand any girl will have enough to do for six months. The college catalogue, for which she ought to send as soon as possible, will give her all further information that she needs in this direction. Medical books are very expensive. The larger book stores in Philadelphia, however, make a discount to students. Besides, there are several good second-hand stores in which volumes almost as good as new can be purchased at half-price. A young woman might find it beneficial to subscribe for a few months to some leading medical journal.

The expenses of tuition during three years are about two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Besides, there will always be incidentals, such as books, material, instruments, and the like, which will amount to considerable in the end—perhaps from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars. No student lives within the walls of the Woman's Medical College. Her weekly expenditures for board, washing, etc., may be from five dollars to eight or ten dollars. There are about twenty-two weeks in a winter session, during which time she must be lodged and fed. Many students, however, find themselves, and there are numbers of places in the immediate neighborhood of the college in which small rooms can be hired for nominal sums, so that a girl, if she is willing to work and contrive a little, may actually live upon from one

dollar to two dollars per week, and not stint nor starve herself either. Many a young woman has gone through a whole medical course and done all her own cooking, sewing, washing, and ironing. One advantage to any one who desires to live this way is, the time for study is so divided up as to admit of much exertion between hours. Still, medical lectures are very exacting. No girl, if she can avoid it, should take upon herself any extra care.

Here, as elsewhere, is a fund for the assistance of needy students. The terms upon which aid is extended may be learned by communicating with the Dean of the Faculty, Prof. Rachel L. Bodley, A. M., M. D.

There are no entrance examinations. Students are required to give evidence of fair education and good moral character. Any lady recommended by a missionary society, and intending to devote herself to its work for a term of years, will receive special favors.

There are from year to year occasional prizes of money, books, instruments, and so forth, to be competed for by meritorious students in the final examination.

For graduation every student pays a fee of fifty dollars, which covers the cost of commencement, diploma, class-party, and other incidentals. Every lady is expected to graduate in black silk, with laces, flowers, and white kid gloves. The commencement proper takes place at noon in one of the large halls in the city, and the reception, in the evening of the same day, is held in the college. The former occasion partakes of the nature of a solemn, serious one—but the latter is particularly joyous and festive.

As to the actual practice after receiving the degree, it can only be said that women have succeeded everywhere. The more womanly, delicate, and ladylike, the more accomplished, tasteful, and beautiful, as well as the more learned and skillful they are, the better. Any determined, energetic woman of this order cannot fail to make friends. But no one need expect to make much money very soon. An old physician says: "Any young doctor does well if he or she keeps out of the almshouse the first year."

One little caution: Never say *doctress*. This is a mongrel term, like "genteel," "tasty," and some others. It is entirely unrecognized among reputable circles in this city, the great centre of medical science, and elsewhere. Any one, man or woman, who has completed a certain course of study receives the degree of M. D., *doctor of medicine*, which is a badge of profession and not of sex. A woman physician is always properly called *Doctor Mary Smith* or *Doctor Alice Jones*. A regularly educated woman practitioner would resent it as an insult to be addressed by any mutilated title. When you hear of any woman's

advertising herself as *Doctress* this or that, it is a safe rule to set her down as a quack. A married lady physician usually advertises herself as Mrs. Clara T. Walters, M. D., but she, like her unmarried sisters, would be called Doctor Walters.

Medical students are of all ages, from eighteen up to fifty or more. No one can graduate under twenty-one, but after that there is no limit as to years. A great proportion of the number are married women, many of them physicians' wives who desire to assist their husbands. So the mere fact of a woman's being old or young, married or single, need not deter her from studying medicine. She may consider only the questions of duty, fitness, and means.

So far I have spoken only of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, because, as previously stated, it is the leading institution of its kind. But there are other medical schools of more or less repute, throughout the country, and some well-equipped universities admit women to their medical departments. Among these are the medical colleges of Geneva, N. Y.; Cleveland, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; the University of Syracuse, N. Y., and the University of Boston, Mass.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE BROKEN HIVE.

THE wood of this broken hive is so sweet—
The honey smells have struck through
And through its fiber, till each thread doth hint

Of places where blossoms grew.
Sandal wood were not so sweet to me
As this common pine with its spicery

Of the sheltered nooks where the wild flowers drew
The honey robbers from far,
Where the golden lilies shone through the gloom,
As each were a mimic star.

I can smell by turns every flower whose grace
Is well known to me as a friend's dear face.

Delicate hare-bells are bent by the bee
Almost to the gold-green moss;
The cup of the mandrake, a censer sweet,
Doth swing as the bee doth cross,
And the tingling fingers of the child close
In shutting the bee in the half-blown rose.

Then we laugh as the angry prisoner darts
With gleam of an arrow-head,
As the leaves spring open from the small hand,
That tingles for the bee sped
Just touching our fingers; the droning thing
Flew on with its treasure, nor left a sting.

Almost every flower hath its honey dew,
But chiefest of all sweet things
Is *white clover*, it holds the essence rare
Of all the beautiful springs;
And this wood is sweet to its inmost core
With the fragrance that the white clover wore.

The knitted fiber is charged with the scents,
The fragrance pervades this room;
It is rarer far than the incense that
Wafts through the Cathedral's gloom.
It touches our finest nerve, this most rare
And subtle essence the blossoms wear.

All this broken wood it has held some part—
Some essence of the things brought.
O home of the heart! hast thou grown more sweet
With subtle essence of thought—
Some presence that is as the sweets that stole
To this wood core, charging with scents the whole?

Just gather the breath of this broken hive
And analyze every part,
And then I will tell you what maketh up
The air in "home of the heart."
You know the sweetness that doth indwell
The pulse that throbbeth. If we could tell

We might lose the sweetness and lose the touch,
The outcome of all the years;
And some of home's sweetness is born of our joy,
And some of the amber of tears.
But however it came, no one can part
This most subtle presence that melts the heart,

Till we weep on the sill of the old, old home,
One pulse of the essence rare
Comes floating in at our heart's open door
And the lift of our soul makes care
To fall away. O "sweet home" of ours!
Thou art charged with the breath of life's death-
less flowers! ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE CAUSE OF INTELLECTUAL FEEBLENESS.—
Much of the intellectual feebleness, which cares little to acquire knowledge or to distinguish truth from error, which escapes from the drill of study as from an enemy, comes not from incapacity, but from cowardice. The power to do these things lies latent within us, but we lack the courage to put it forth. This is why idleness and cowardice are so often found together. One who, loving his ease, constantly yields to the self-indulgence, feels less and less courage to make an effort, and the coward in one thing soon becomes a coward in all.

A SMALL man never ceases talking about the small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

THE MEANS OF ENJOYMENT.

ONE of the most successful merchants of his day was Mr. Alexander. He had amassed a large fortune, and in the sixtieth year of his age he concluded that it was time to cease getting and begin the work of enjoying. Wealth had always been regarded by him as a means of happiness; but so fully had his mind been occupied in business that until the present time he had never felt himself at leisure to make a right use of the means in his hands.

So Mr. Alexander retired from business in favor of his son and son-in-law. And now was to come the reward of his long years of labor. Now were to come repose, enjoyment, and the calm delights of which he had so often dreamed. But it so happened that the currents of thought and feeling which had flowed on so long and steadily were little disposed to widen into a placid lake. The retired merchant must still have some occupation. His had been a life of purposes and plans for their accomplishment, and he could not change the nature of his life. His heart was still the seat of desire, and his thought obeyed instinctively the heart's affection.

So Mr. Alexander used a portion of his wealth in various ways in order to satisfy the ever active desire for something beyond what was in actual possession. But it so happened that the moment an end was gained, the moment the bright ideal became a fixed and present fact, its power to delight was gone.

Mr. Alexander had some taste for the arts. Many fine pictures already hung upon his walls. Knowing this, a certain picture broker threw himself in his way, and by adroit management and skillful flattery succeeded in turning the pent-up and struggling current of the old gentleman's feelings and thoughts in this direction. The broker soon found that he had opened a new and profitable mine. Mr. Alexander had only to see a fine picture to wish for its possession; and to wish was to have. It was not long before his house was a gallery of pictures.

Was he any happier? Did these pictures afford him a pure and perennial source of enjoyment? No; for in reality, Mr. Alexander's taste for the arts was not a passion of his soul. He did not love the beautiful in the abstract. The delight he experienced when he looked upon a fine painting was mainly the desire of possession, and satiety soon followed possession.

One morning Mr. Alexander repaired alone to his library, where, on the day before, had been placed a new painting recently imported by his friend the picture dealer. It was exquisite as a work of art, and the biddings for it had been high. But he succeeded in securing it for the sum of two thousand dollars. Before he was certain of get-

ting this picture Mr. Alexander would linger before it and study out its beauties with a delighted appreciation. Nothing in his collection was deemed comparable therewith. Strangely enough, after it was hung upon the walls of his library he did not stand before it for as long a space as five minutes, and then his thoughts were not upon its beauties. During the evening that followed the mind of Mr. Alexander was less in repose than usual. After having completed the purchase of the picture he had overheard two persons who were considered anticrats in taste speaking of its defects, which were minutely indicated. They likewise gave it as their opinion that the painting was not worth a thousand dollars. This was throwing cold water on his enthusiasm. It seemed as if a veil had suddenly been drawn from before his eyes. Now, with a clearer vision, he could see faults where before every defect was thrown into shadow by an all-obscuring beauty.

On the next morning, as we have said, Mr. Alexander entered his library to take another look at his purchase. He did not feel very happy. Many thousands of dollars had he spent in order to secure the means of self-gratification; but the end was not yet gained.

A glance at the new picture sufficed, and then Mr. Alexander turned from it with an involuntary sigh. Was it to look at other pictures? No. He crossed his hands before him, bent his eyes upon the floor, and for the period of half an hour walked slowly backward and forward in his library. There was a pressure on his feelings, he knew not why—a sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

No purpose was in the mind of Mr. Alexander when he turned from his library, and drawing on his overcoat passed into the street. It was a bleak winter morning and the muffled pedestrians hurried shivering on their way.

"Oh! I wish I had a dollar."

These words, in the voice of a child, and spoken with impressive earnestness, fell suddenly upon the ears of Mr. Alexander as he moved along the pavement. Something in the tone reached the old man's feelings, and he partly turned himself to look at the speaker. She was a little girl, not over eleven years of age, and was in company with a lad some year or two older. Both were coarsely clad.

"What would you do with a dollar, sis?" replied the boy.

"I'd buy brother William a pair of nice woolen mittens and a comforter and a pair of rubber shoes. That's what I'd do with it! He has to go away so early in the cold every morning, and he's most perished, I know, sometimes. Last night his feet were soaking with wet. His shoes are not good; and mother says she hasn't money to

buy him a new pair just now. Oh! I wish I had a dollar!"

Instinctively Mr. Alexander's hand was in his pocket, and a moment after a round, bright silver dollar glittered in that of the girls.

But little farther did Mr. Alexander extend his walk. As if by magic the hue of his feelings had changed. The pressure on his heart was gone, and its fuller pulses sent the blood bounding and frolicking along every expanding artery. He thought not of pictures nor possessions. All else was obscured by the bright face of the child as she lifted to his her innocent eyes, brimming with grateful tears.

One dollar spent unselfishly had brought more real pleasure than thousands parted with in the pursuit of merely selfish gratification. And the pleasure did not fade with the hour nor the day. That one truly benevolent act, impulsive as it had been, touched a sealed spring of enjoyment, and the waters that gushed instantly forth continued to flow.

Homeward the old man returned, and again he entered his library. Choice works of art were all around him, purchased as a means of enjoyment. They had cost thousands—yet they did not afford him a tithe of the pleasure he had secured by the expenditure of a single dollar. He could turn from them with a feeling of satiety; not so from the image of the happy child whose earnestly expressed wish he had gratified.

And not alone on the pleasure of the child did the thoughts of Mr. Alexander linger. There came before his imagination another picture. He saw a poorly furnished room in which were a humble, toiling widow and her children. It is keen and frosty without; and her eldest boy has just come home from his work, shivering with cold. While he is warming himself by the fire his little sister presents him with the comforter, the woolen mittens, and the overshoes, which his benevolence has enabled her to buy. What surprise and pleasure beam in the lad's face! How happy looks the sister! How full of a subdued and thankful pleasure is the mother's countenance!

And for weeks and months did Mr. Alexander gaze at times upon this picture, and always with a warmth and lightness of heart unfelt when other images arose in his mind and obscured it.

And for a single dollar was all this obtained, while thousands and thousands were spent in the fruitless effort to buy happiness.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Alexander did not profit by this lesson—grew no wiser by this experience. The love of self was too strong for him to seek the good of others, to bless both himself and his fellows by a wise and generous use of the ample means which Providence had given, into his hands. He still buys pictures and works of

art, but the picture in his imagination, which cost him but a single dollar, is gazed at with a far purer and higher pleasure than he receives from his entire gallery of paintings and statues.

If Mr. Alexander will not drink from the sweet spring of true delight that has gushed forth at his feet, and in whose clear waters the sun of heavenly love is mirrored, we hope that others, wiser than he, will bend to its overflowing brim and take of its treasures freely.

SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 5.

TO THE WINTER WIND.

MID-WINTER'S spirit, soul of these chill days
And gloomy nights, what story strange
and old,

What weird, unearthly secret long untold
Doth drive thee, shrieking, through the pathless
ways

Of wood and meadow-land!—till, in amaze,
The strained ear listens lest thou shouldst unfold
Thine awful secret in confidings bold
With thy loved moon—witched by her midnight
gaze.

O wild and restless spirit! thou dost come,
With thy prophetic voicings loud and clear,
From some far region bringing in thy dumb
And mournful cadence message to each ear
That lists, through broken silence chill and
numb,

For voice prophetic or for lost tones dear.

No. 6.

SONNET.

DEAD white upon the pasture lies the snow;
The shiv'ring flocks are gathered into fold;
The meadow brook is frozen still and cold,
And no sound lives save now and then the bold,
Loud voice of winds that through the treetops
blow,

Or fall of ax beyond the empty fold,
Or woodman's voice heard through the sleety cold
Across some pathless fields of heaping snow.

The dead owl lies wrapt in his frozen shroud;
The rabbit dreams far from the misty cloud
Of falling flakes—all warm within some low,
Dark fastness of the fields. To the dull ear

Nature seems dead, save that we lovers know
Those throbs, half heard, are her heart's answer-
ing cheer. GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

AMUSEMENTS and recreations of all kinds are creators of real happiness just so far as they give tone and vigor to the life, while so far as they exhaust the strength and drain the vitality they engender eventual misery.

Religious Reading.

GIFTS BEFORE THE ALTAR.

"THEREFORE if thou bring thy gifts to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift."

This had been the text of the morning discourse, and, as the little group of neighbors walked slowly homeward through the fields, it was this that occupied their thoughts and gave the topic for conversation. To some it came with new, deep meaning, and seemed like a voice of command. To farmer Curtis it seemed the very voice of God speaking to his heart alone, and he dared not disobey it. He dared not think of going that morning to the communion-table, as he was wont to do, for he could but remember the friend whom he had wronged but the day before and the angry feelings still stirring in his heart. How should he bring his gift to the altar and worship his God aright in such a spirit? Yet how humble himself and confess the wrong? True, the provocation had been very great and he was not alone in the blame, yet it was from his lips the first angry words came, and he had turned scornfully away when the other would have made explanation and excuse. He had let the sun go down on his wrath and the Sabbath morning found its fires still burning hotly. He had gone to church partly from force of habit, yet secretly hoping to find justification for what he tried to call only "righteous indignation," and feeling that if he had done wrong God would forgive with the asking and all would be well again. He was disturbed and uneasy, and did not find his usual comfort or peace in the opening hymns and psalms. When the text was read he started with sudden alarm and guilt, thinking surely the kind old minister must have heard of his trouble and be talking directly to him. He had heard the same text often before, had read it again and again in his home devotions, but, like many another, he had given it no particular thought nor realized that it bore a message of great import to each individual heart.

Though he would have blushed to put it in plain words, he had come to have the feeling that, whatever the mistakes or wrongs of the week, if he attended church on Sunday and joined in the prayers for the "forgiveness of sin" it was enough, and he had no need to confess the wrong to and ask the forgiveness of the injured one. It was so much easier to kneel and say in a general way to a far-away God, "I have done wrong," than to say the same to a brother man. If God forgave him, was not that all that was needed? Surely, God was greater than man, and His forgiveness would suffice. Only that morning a fellow church-member had risen in the conference meeting which followed the sermon and said: "I am trying to walk in the way of life, yet I often turn aside in by and forbidden paths. I often do wrong, but then the only thing to do is to ask God to forgive and go on trying." Not one word about man's forgiveness here—not one word of its being

necessary to make any reparation to man for any error or misdeed. Why should he do so more than others?

And yet there was the text. How get around that? How bring his gift to the altar in an acceptable manner without clean hands and a pure heart? How be reconciled to God while his heart was in rebellion to man? How obtain the forgiveness of God and ask not the forgiveness of the injured one? Could he really come to God with this feeling of anger in his heart? Would it not shut him out from any true fellowship and communion with the Father, who knoweth the heart in all its inmost workings and impulses? How could he show love to God but through love to his fellow-man? How obtain full pardon but by a frank, manly confession of his wrong to his friend, and by doing all in his power to make amends for the injury? Clearly, he must "leave his gift before the altar" until he had first "become reconciled to his brother." He saw the truth as never before. The mask fell from before his eyes, and by the clear shining of the light divine he stood revealed to himself. He shuddered as he saw how deformed and sickly the real man within him had grown, and how little of true Christ-likeness he presented.

In his deep absorption he had fallen behind the friends with whom he walked, and now as he raised his head and looked around he saw that he was alone and just at the river, across which his way led. Silently, reverently, he knelt by the crystal waters and gave baptism to the nobler manhood, the higher ambitions and aspirations, springing to life within him. As never before, though he had been called a Christian for years, he pledged himself to the right and consecrated his new life to the love and service of God through a more perfect love to His creatures everywhere. Was it only a fancy, or did he hear angel voices saying softly, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me, the Father, God"? And from whence came the holy peace that enshrouded him? Ah! surely the angels bent rejoicingly there and their glad songs filled the very "courts of Heaven."

From the riverside he went to the house of his friend and left him not until all was explained and forgiven. That night they knelt side by side at the altar and together offered their prayers for strength and their thanksgiving for the better way that had been taught them, realizing that true forgiveness can only be had by the doing of all in human power to right every wrong, and that in a much greater degree than they had before thought they might work out their own salvation. And now they walk as those "having light."

No one can love God truly who hates his brother; none can serve Him but by loving service to man.

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

If with loving hearts we follow the God-given precept of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us, and stand steadfastly for truth and honor in all places or circumstances, we are following Him in the most acceptable way and

bringing day by day our best gifts to the altar—true, honest manhood, pure womanhood. Good deeds are our best prayers. "Without works faith is dead."

EARNEST.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND.

CHAPTER II.

THE stormy day was drawing to its close. Felice was busy getting supper, and Paul sat near the fire with Elsie on his knee. There was a rap on the door, and then two Sisters from the convent, their black garments covered with snow, entered and said to Paul and his wife:

"We have come for little Elsie."

"And will go back without her?" answered Felice, flashing up angrily and going quickly over to where Paul sat with the child. "She had no respect for any one nor fear for any one when her will was crossed."

"Her mother is in heaven, and she is one of God's poor, who are given unto our care," said the Sisters, gently.

"God has given her into our care, good Sisters," spoke out Paul, mildly but firmly. "She is our child now, and we will love her as our own."

As Felice stood by her husband and Elsie, her eyes full of angry defiance, like some wild beast whose young was threatened, the Sisters saw a strange thing that filled them with wonder. A little hand reached out and laid itself gently on the woman's hand. Then the fire went out of her eyes, the hardness and anger from her lips, and a motherly tenderness and softness stole over her countenance. Stooping down she kissed the child fondly, then lifted her into her arms. Elsie laid her head with a low murmur of satisfaction against the bosom of Felice and looked up into the eyes that were bent upon her with love and confidence.

"It is kind in you to come for her, good Sisters," said Felice, in so changed a voice that they marveled still more; "but she is our child and we cannot let her go, because we love her."

The Sisters went back to the convent, wondering at what they had seen and heard and unable to understand its meaning.

That night, after Elsie was asleep, Paul and his wife sat talking together and soon fell into their old habit of speaking roughly to each other. Felice had a very sharp tongue, the thrust of which Paul could not always stand, and so they often got to quarreling. Their loud and angry voices soon awoke the child, who started up in affright. But love quickly overcame her fear. In an instant, gliding like a spirit across the floor, she was at the side of Felice, her soft hand resting on that of the angry woman, and the sweetness and gentleness of her own pure heart going in warm currents to that of the other.

Ah! we have the secret of Elsie's power now. It was love. The reaching forth of her hand was

only an effort to give of her love with all its gentle sweetness, and the touch of that hand was like a good deed, full of blessing.

Anger went out like a candle blown on suddenly, and peace came in where passion had ruled a moment before. The woodman and his wife grew dumb in the presence of a child.

It was known to all the neighbors far and near that the woodman's wife was a hard and passionate woman, and when they heard that Elsie had gone to live with her every one pitied the child and said that her life would be wretched. What was their surprise when it was told by one and another who happened to call in at the woodman's hut that Elsie was happy in her new home and that Felice was kind and loving to her as a mother!

The Sisters told what they had seen, and this neighbor and that told what she had seen, and all agreed that the child had some wonderful power in her hands, for at their softest touch the fire had been seen to go out of angry faces. Soon the neighbors began to speak of the child as "Gentle Hand," and the fame of her magic touch spread far and wide until it came to the ears of a lady, the wife of a great lord, who lived in a castle. Now, the name of this lady was Margaret, and she had five children—two sons and three daughters—and there was strife among these children always, so that the lady had no comfort with them, but was, on account of this strife, almost heart-broken at times.

When the Lady Margaret heard of Gentle Hand and the strange power of her softest touch—how it subdued anger and filled all hearts with kindness and love—she said to herself, "I must see this wonderful child, and if all be true that is told of her I will bring her home to the castle and set her among my children."

So she went in her carriage almost a day's journey to the woodman's hut—for she lived a long way off—to see Elsie, or Gentle Hand, as we must call her. Now, it happened that on this very day Felice had died after a sudden illness that lasted only a few hours, and when the Lady Margaret came to the woodman's hut she found death and sorrow therein.

"Is there a child here called Gentle Hand?" she asked of Paul, who met her at the door of his poor hovel.

"There is a child here called Elsie," answered the wondering Paul.

"May I see her?" said the Lady Margaret as she stepped down from her carriage.

Paul made a sign for her to enter and in the next moment she stood in the presence of the dead woman, who had been laid out by the Sisters, two of whom sat near the body. A child with a wan, shrunken, almost repulsive face looked up as she came in and gazed at her through tearful eyes.

"That is Elsie," said the woodman.

"You have another child here?" said the lady.

"Only Elsie," replied the woodman, with a sorrowful tenderness that did not escape the lady's notice.

Lady Margaret was silent for some moments. She felt greatly disappointed. This she thought was not the child in search of whom she had come so far. There had been some mistake. Then she asked about the dead wife of Paul, and while the Sisters answered her questions she held out her hand in pity toward Elsie; but the child did not move.

"Will you not come and speak to me?" asked the lady.

"Go to her, Elsie," said the Sisters.

Then the child went slowly across to where the Lady Margaret sat, and laid one of her soft little hands in that which had been stretched out to her.

The Sisters, who were looking at Lady Margaret, saw her face flush and change. She fixed her gaze in a searching kind of way on the child's countenance, while a tender light began to shine in her eyes.

"Is this the child they call Gentle Hand?" she asked, in a subdued voice, looking at the Sisters.

"Many call her Gentle Hand," they replied.

Then the lady, moved it seemed by a feeling she could not control, stooped over Elsie and kissed her lips and forehead with loving tenderness. The soft hand with its magic touch still lay in hers, and now she held it tightly.

"Will you go home and live with me?" asked the lady.

Elsie drew away quickly and went over to the side of Paul, who was standing by his dead wife. Paul, who had heard what the lady said, took up Elsie and held her for a little while closely to his breast. Then crossing the room, he laid her light and tiny form in the arms of Lady Margaret, saying as he did so, in a broken voice:

"My poor hut is no place for her now."

Rising quickly, ere Elsie could object, the lady bore her out to her carriage, and a moment after they were driven rapidly away.

Bewildered, passive, helpless, the child made no resistance, but sat very still on the cushioned seat opposite the lady. It seemed to her that all this was a dream and that she would soon awaken. Her heart was full of sorrow for Felice, who had been kind to her as a mother.

The Lady Margaret saw the sorrow in her homely little face, and pity, mingled with a strange, yearning love, stirred her heart, so she reached out her hand and said:

"Come and sit beside me."

As Elsie moved to obey she grasped the extended hand. In the next moment she was lifted into Lady Margaret's arms and drawn closely to her bosom. The magic touch of the child's hand had sent a quick thrill of tenderness to her heart.

"Is it a fairy child?" said the lady to herself, wonderingly, "or an angel disguised in a poor, deformed body?"

It was an angel disguised, or rather imprisoned, in a body of flesh. The lady's thought had reached the truth.

Every moment, as the hand of Elsie continued

to rest in hers, the Lady Margaret felt her love grow deeper and stronger. Looking down upon the child's face it seemed to change in her eyes; the pale skin had a semi-transparent texture and a warmth of color as from light within. The features lost their pinched aspect, rounding to a softer fullness. What was homely, almost repulsive, a little while before, now put on a garment of beauty.

Nor was all this a mere fancy. Part of the transformation was real. If the purity and innocence of Elsie, with whose spirit angels dwelt in close companionship, though she knew it not, made itself felt in other hearts by the touch of her hand, the love she awakened by this touch came back in returning currents to her own heart, and thence flushed her face, giving it a semblance of beauty.

The lady bent over Elsie and kissed her on lips and cheeks and forehead.

"Will you love me?" asked the child, putting up her small arms and clasping them around the lady's neck.

"Yes, if you will go home with me and be like one of my own children," answered the Lady Margaret, again kissing her fondly.

"Will they love me?" asked Elsie, a shadow falling across her face as she looked down at her poor garments.

For a little while the lady did not speak. Ah, too well she knew that no love awaited the child! But then as she felt the soft arms clasping her neck, she said in her heart "She is an angel, and where an angel dwells there will be love." Speaking aloud, she answered:

"Love brings love. Oh! yes; they cannot help loving you."

Elsie gazed long into the tender eyes that bent over her; then her head sank upon the Lady Margaret's bosom, and as the carriage rocked her gently, like an infant in a cradle she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

LORD HUBERT, the husband of Lady Margaret, was a bold, passionate, wicked man, feared by all over whom he had any power. Carl, his oldest son, a boy of fifteen, had all the bad qualities of his father, and was as active in stirring up strife at home as his father too often was among his neighbors. Helen, younger by two years than Carl, was self-willed and exacting, and Ursula, ten years of age, had a fiery temper that no discipline or punishment had been able to restrain. Hubert, seven years old, and Lilli, in her fifth summer, took from their mother more of her gentle character than the rest, but their lives were often made miserable by their older brothers and sisters, who took an evil delight in tormenting them.

Into such a home as this the Lady Margaret brought the unlovely, crippled child. Gentle Hand was sound asleep among the cushions in the carriage when they arrived, long after nightfall, at the castle, and a servant was ordered to lift her softly and carry her to one of the chambers.

Lord Hubert had grown impatient at his wife's long absence and met her with angry words. The children had been quarreling among themselves as usual, and filled her ears with complaints and accusations.

"Where have you been?" demanded her husband, a dark frown on his face, as soon as they were alone.

The Lady Margaret answered truly that she had been a long distance in search of a child about whom she had heard strange things, and that she had found the child and brought her home, but she did not say what the strange things were.

At this Lord Hubert grew more angry and said that he would not have other people's children brought into the castle without his consent. Lady Margaret pleaded with him, but this only made him the more violent.

"Where is the child?" he demanded.

The Lady Margaret took him into the chamber where the servant had borne Gentle Hand, and they found the weary child lying asleep on the bed.

"The fright!" cried Lord Hubert, as his eyes rested on her pinched and homely face. Gentle Hand started up at his angry voice.

"Take her away!" He spoke in stern command to a servant, who went quickly to the bed and lifted Gentle Hand in her arms. But as the child clung about her neck and she felt the touch of her soft hand a strange thing happened. She stood motionless for an instant, a gleam of surprise in her face, and then she put the child back gently and with a reverent air, bending over and gazing upon her with looks of tenderest love.

At this Lord Hubert became furious, and laying his hand on the servant drew her violently from the bed. Then he caught up the child, saying in his cruel anger:

"I will throw her out of the window!" and strode across the floor meaning to do what he had said. But stopping suddenly, a look half of wonder, half of fear, on his bold, bad face, he gazed down at the child. Lady Margaret, who had started forward with a cry of terror, stood still also, and looking closely, saw that a hand of Elsie's was clinging tightly to one of Lord Hubert's.

What a moment of joy for the heart of Margaret! Tears gushed from her eyes. She clasped her hands together, and looking upward gave thanks to God.

As for Lord Hubert, he seemed to himself to be in a dream. Suddenly all anger toward this child had gone out of him, and in its stead there had come into his heart a tender feeling, like that of a mother for her baby.

"Don't be afraid, my poor child," he said in so changed a voice that it seemed to those that heard him like another man speaking; "I will not harm a hair of your head."

Then, looking toward Lady Margaret, who was crying for joy, he asked:

"What is her name?"

"She is called Gentle Hand," was the answer.

"Gentle Hand! Gentle Hand!" And Lord Hubert looked more bewildered as he repeated the name.

Then the Lady Margaret went up close to her husband, and speaking softly in his ear so that the child could not hear her words, said:

"I think she is an angel."

A shade of reverence, not unmingled with fear, passed over the bold man's face. He made a movement to lay Gentle Hand on the bed from which he had taken her, but as he did so she

turned and clung to him, saying: "Won't you love me?" in tones that sounded sweet to his ears.

Love flooded his heart with a passionate tenderness not to be repressed, and drawing the child close to his bosom, he held her there for a long time. Then he kissed her fondly, answering, as he laid her back upon the bed:

"Oh! yes, I will love you."

A heavenly smile lit up the face of Gentle Hand, and her eyes were bright as stars.

The words that Lady Margaret had spoken, "I think she is an angel," made a deep impression on Lord Hubert. As he stood looking down upon her, a soft light seemed to spread over and around her face, and all the features to change into lineaments of beauty. The tender reverence felt for her a little while before grew stronger, and when Lady Margaret said, in a low voice: "She has been sent to us from Heaven," he felt that it was so.

On the next morning, as Carl, the oldest son of Lord Hubert, was coming down the great stone staircase that led to the hall, he saw his little sister Lilli on one of the landings, sitting by the side of a strange child. Now, Carl was a born tyrant, and never let an opportunity for oppressing or annoying any one pass unimproved. The sight of a poor little hunchback, with a pale, unlovely face, instead of touching his heart with pity, filled him with an evil desire to give her pain.

"Ho!" he cried, in a harsh, cruel voice, and springing down the stairway, stood in front of the children, grinning and frowning at them by turns, and trying to frighten the little stranger.

"Go away, Carl, you bad boy!" said Lilli, as she jumped up and stood between her brother and Gentle Hand.

"Oh! what a fright! Where did she come from? Who is she? I'll get a cage and show her off like a bear or an ape." And Carl, as he said this, took hold of Lilli and tried to push her away so that he might come close up to Gentle Hand.

But Lilli, gentle and sweet as she was by nature, had a brave young heart, and now that her cruel brother talked of putting this poor little stranger into a cage, all fear left her and she stood bravely in front of Gentle Hand and resisted the efforts of Carl to thrust her aside. Then he grew very angry, and his loud voice rang up the stairway and along the halls, reaching even to the chamber where his father lay sleeping and arousing him from slumber. In vain were all dear little Lilli's brave efforts to protect Gentle Hand from the rude assaults of her brother. Carl, maddened by her resistance, dragged her fiercely away, and threatened to fling her down the stairs.

Frightened more for Gentle Hand than herself, Lilli, as soon as she could get free from Carl, ran wildly to her father's chamber, and as she flung open the door cried:

"Oh! come! Come quickly! Carl is going to put a poor little lame girl in a cage. Oh! don't let him, for she's good."

Then Lord Hubert knew that it was Gentle Hand of whom Lilli spoke, and he ran out into the hall and across to the stairway. All was silent now. Lord Hubert bent over the balustrade, and looking down saw a sight that made his heart leap and then tremble down into a strange stillness. Carl stood as fixed as a statue, just in front of the child, looking upon her with tender

surprise in his face. She had reached out one of her hands, that lay softly on one of his. Lady Margaret was by his side looking down also at the group below them.

"The good God has sent an angel into our house," she whispered as she gazed on Lord Hubert with tearful eye.

Lord Hubert did not answer, but went back to his chamber, saying in his heart:

"It must be an angel."

And now a new feeling came into his heart, and he was able to perceive in goodness a beauty and desirableness never seen before. As he thought of the power that lay in the touch of this child, his wonder increased. What could it all mean?

The power of a strong right arm wielding a sword, a spear, or a battle-ax was something he could understand. But here was a mystery that baffled him, and the more he thought about it the more he was puzzled.

Below all this wonder and bewilderment lay a sense of pleasure so new to Lord Hubert that, as he thought of it, wonder had a fresh increase. A state of feeling had been born in his soul which, every time the image of Gentle Hand grew distinct in his mind, moved him with a strong impulse to better things.

"Tell me all you know about this Gentle Hand," he said to Lady Margaret, and she told him all she knew—how she had heard strange stories about a child with such a wonderful touch that it not only made every one love her, but changed anger into gentleness, and how she had gone a long way to see this child, and found everything she had heard about her true.

And Lord Hubert said: "It is well. If she brings love and peace to our castle, then is she sent of God."

Never had Lady Margaret seen him so softened, or heard him speak after this manner.

"It is a wonderful hand," Lord Hubert said, speaking as if to himself. "I can feel it now, sweet in its touch as a strain of music to the ear and as penetrating to the soul. Hark!"

A jangle of harsh voices rang through the hall—children's voices, in which, louder than the rest, were those of Carl and Helen. A shadow of pain fell over the face of Lady Margaret, and one of anger over that of Lord Hubert, who strode out from his chamber and down the great stairway to the hall below where he found Carl, Helen, and Ursula in a fierce quarrel. Carl had a heavy whip in his hand and had just raised the large end to strike Ursula, when swift and silent as a bird, Gentle Hand came flying in among the angry children, and before Lord Hubert could spring forward and grasp the arm of Carl, had, by a touch, made it weak for any cruel work as an infant's.

Over the boy's face there spread a blush of shame, and he said to Gentle Hand:

"I was only in play."

And Gentle Hand answered him:

"Don't even pretend; it is so dreadful to be angry and cruel."

A deep silence and peace fell on parents and children as they stood in the great hall, looking at the pale, shrunken, deformed child, and all the eyes that looked upon her were full of love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RICHES OR RUBBISH.

I WONDER if I might be admitted into the "Boys' and Girls' Treasury" for the expression of a few thoughts? It is said, "there are two things much easier given than taken—medicine and advice." And yet medicine may be sugar-coated or fixed in nice little pellets so that it is not at all disagreeable and perhaps if advice would more often come enwrapped in a cover of love it would not be so repellant. At any rate, when I picked up the September number of the magazine this evening, and my eye fell on the heading of this department, I did feel that there were a few things I should like to say to the boys, though the girls may read them too. And I want to say them very lovingly.

Boys do not always realize that they have a treasury within themselves in which they are constantly storing away either riches or rubbish. If they did realize it, I am sure they would be more careful. How can I help them to understand that nothing drops out, but remains and helps to form the very tissue of their real being, which is to live forever? Every time we think a right thought, or do a good and right deed from a true motive, we have put into our treasury something that in its result will ever remain with us. On the contrary, every time we indulge a bad thought or do a wrong act we are putting into our store-house something that is not only ugly in itself, but which by its evil presence tarnishes, like a mildew or blight, the store-house in which we place it. I will illustrate.

I have on my finger a scar made by a cut received when I was about five years old. Of course it healed over long ago, but the scar remains to deface the finger and to remind me ever of the little prank my brother and myself were playing. This is only a little scar in the flesh, and it does not hurt. But in my memory I have some scars made there by some unkind word spoken or some wrong deed done, and these I never look on but with sorrow and shame. One in particular: God gave me a very gentle, kind mother, and I am thankful I never had a habit of speaking unkindly or disrespectfully to her, and yet I remember once when she remonstrated with me about something, I spoke hastily, and when I looked at her a moment after and saw silent tears trickling down her dear cheeks, no words could express my sorrow and humiliation. She has been among the bright angels now for years, and long ago forgave me, but there is an ugly scar in my memory. You see I had put something in my treasury that was not a jewel; something that did not beautify, but defaced, and I don't like to look at it.

Dear boys, none of you can afford not to be on good terms with himself. This is what I mean. If you do something wrong, no matter if no one else knows it, the knowledge of it is in your own heart and burns there like a coal, causing you to lose each time, a measure of your self-respect, and thus marring the beauty of the true manhood which is your privilege by a right course to attain. You have made a scar. Every time you yield to the wrong you have put something into your treasury to pierce you. On the contrary, every time you strive against evil and endeavor to do the right, you have stored riches and have made a step

toward a noble manhood. You have by this made it easier to be a good man.

It is not enough to be good boys. Time flits by so fast that you will soon be men, and to be a good man is sometimes harder than to be a good boy, for so soon as you enter the arena of the world you will find that there are men who will wish you to do what they ought to be ashamed of doing themselves, and then is the time for you to stand in the integrity of an honest manhood, and, firm for the right, not move an inch for all their pushing and pulling. And when you are men you will find it so much easier to do this if you begin to form the habit of doing it when a boy.

I am not talking to you as if you were babies—sometimes I think that is a mistake when talking to boys—but I am talking to you as little men who will one day be our ministers and tradesmen and statesmen and mechanics, and, realizing the importance of the work before you, I would have you be so good that the world will be greatly advanced in the path of right for your having lived in it.

But now, before I close, let me impress upon you two things: Never do anything you would be

ashamed to have known, for, as I said, nothing drops out. You are developing your real being by the life you live and by the thoughts you indulge, and by and by when the real man appears in the light of the real world, as in the unveiling of the statue, then will the defects appear. Then will be apparent what you have really chosen to be. But of all things, if you should fail or fall, don't lie still, but get up, and with renewed earnestness try again.

Another thought I wish to impress upon you is, not to look upon God as your enemy, but your friend. You have nothing to fear but sin. Do not think of His being angry or severe with you because He wishes you to be wise and good, any more than you should so think of your loving father and mother because they desire the same. Think of Him, and in your heart talk to Him as to a friend, and you will find it so much easier to be good and true, and so much more delightful to live in the beautiful world He has given us to enjoy.

I think, maybe, I shall want to come and talk with you again, but now good-night.

LAURETTA.

Mothers' Department.

TEMPERANCE IN CHILDHOOD.

I AM a mother, and many times have I turned to the Mothers' Department of this most excellent magazine for counsel in the sacred work of training and caring for our little ones. Much have I learned here that is good, and subjects in which every mother should feel the deepest interest have been wisely discussed. But there is one very important subject that I do not remember having seen here, and that is, the practice of giving stimulating drinks to little children.

It is not that there is any intemperance among this little band, any reformatory work needed, or any juvenile drunkards to reclaim, that I speak on this subject. But it is from the belief that the work of prevention should be commenced early. We are all familiar with the adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and in no case is it more applicable than in this. There is many a drunkard whose appetite for drink, if traced to its beginning, would be found to have commenced, not in the bar-room, but in his home where, as a child, he was permitted to take wine and other stimulating drinks. It may have been taken for medicinal purposes or only as a beverage, but the result was the same.

Not long since as I sat in the parlor of a lady friend her little boy came into the room and laid his head in his mother's lap. The mother caressingly folded her arms around him, at the same time telling me that her boy had been complaining of not being well for several days, and she very much feared a sickness was imminent. Upon a complaint from the child of his uncomfortable feelings the mother left the room and soon returning brought with her a glass and bottle of wine. She filled the glass and handed it to the boy, telling him she thought he would feel better after

taking the drink. The little fellow had no doubt formed an appetite for the wine, for he readily took the glass and drank with an apparent relish. I remonstrated with the mother, hoping to awaken her to the danger of tampering with anything productive of so much evil. But she only thought me over-cautious. She said she had no fears from so innocent a cause as an occasional glass of wine, and thought that I viewed the subject in too serious a light. I trembled with fear for the safety of that loved boy, and thought it would be well for his future if his mother were more alive to the danger lurking in that glass and not be the means of creating within him an appetite that might some day prove to him the greatest curse.

We all know what a struggle there is going on in the cause of temperance. Many of our noblest men and women are devoting the whole energy of their lives to quelling the great evil of intemperance and alleviating the miseries entailed by this terrible sin. A great share of this reformatory work would not be needed, and the number of drunkards would be far less if the work of prevention had been commenced in the childhood of these unfortunate victims. Many of them are the sons of wealthy parents and were accustomed when but little children to the use of stimulating drinks in their homes. Wine at first, and, as the appetite increased, stronger drinks were taken, and when the years of manhood were reached they found themselves in the grasp of a tyrant from which they could never break loose, and they eventually sank into the lives of loathsome drunkards, bringing sorrow to their friends, lost manhood to themselves, and a lost soul for eternity.

I have in mind at the present time a family whom I once knew. It consisted of the father and mother and two bright, handsome, intelligent

boys. The father was what would be called a very moderate drinker. He would invariably indulge in his wine at the hour of dinner. The mother, in a delicate, ladylike way, would sip a glass, and the boys were each allowed to do the same. The father would listen to no remonstrance on the subject of letting his boys drink wine. He would laugh when danger was suggested, and say the danger lay in parents being too cautious; that withholding a thing from a child only made him the more eager for it. He would often say: "I have always drank wine and have never become a drunkard, and people will see that my boys will have will and manhood enough to do the same."

Such was his theory and practice, but what was the result? Those two boys are men to-day, and O reader! a plainer story was never read than is seen in their bloated faces and bloodshot eyes; for two more hopeless drunkards than they would be hard to find. No one would recognize in those depraved, drunken men the two happy boys who once adorned their home, and through their innocence and sweetness were such a power of joy to the hearts of their parents.

And what is the condition of those parents now? They are prematurely old from the sorrow their children have brought to them, and the fortune the father had accumulated for comforts and enjoyments in their declining years has been spent in the fruitless endeavor to reclaim his boys and to uproot the evil growth of his own planting.

Little children are so innocent and harmless in their ways and are seemingly so free from any evil inclinations that parents often give but little heed or thought to the impressions and principles that are being stamped on the young minds. They

forget that those minds are the embryo spirits of men and women, and that the teachings which they receive in their home while young are generally the guide to their actions through life. The little boy who is accustomed to see wine-drinking in his home, either as a daily or as an occasional practice, receives the impression that such an indulgence is both right and safe, or else it would not be allowed. And so he goes into the years of youth and young manhood with this impression on his mind, and when indulging the appetite he had acquired when a child his mind is easy, for he knows he is but following a parental example. Is it any wonder that conscience does not intrude when stronger drinks than wine are taken, or that danger does not suggest itself to his mind?

So much of a mother's time is spent in the presence of her children that she has the best of opportunities for exerting an influence on their impressionable young natures, and it makes her in a great measure responsible for the characters which they develop in after years. She is their guide, their counselor, and the lessons of right and wrong that are learned at her knee will be retained in their memories and will be potent for good or evil in the formation of their characters. With this truth before us, can mothers be too careful of the principles which their children so early imbibe and of the examples which are set for them to follow? The little boy and girl who play in childish innocence in their home will have all the temptations to resist as they grow older, for which they will have the strength of will, and the acquiring of this unnatural appetite might be the stumbling-block that would sink them into ruin and degradation.

NELLIE BURNS.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE SWALLOW AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

[Carlyle's wife, delicately reared, accomplished and much admired, was condemned to pass seven years, childless and in bitter poverty, with her morose, uncompanionable, exacting husband, at Craigenputtoch, the dreariest, loneliest spot in Scotland. There she wrote and sent to Lord Jeffery these lines]:

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER OUR EAVES.

THOU too hast traveled, little, fluttering thing—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou likest so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And, strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that meet thine eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?

Ah, no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor!

What was it then? some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that doest but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might
and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive, and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.

I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! Oh! ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

AT EVENING.

UPON the hills the sunset glories lie,
The amaranth, the crimson and the gold,
Beside the sinuous brook that ripples by
The dark, damp ferns their feathery grace unfold.

The little yellow blossom of the field,
That shone a jewel in the splendid day,
Holds one small dew-drop in its bosom sealed,
And by to-morrow will have passed away.

The village windows gleam with gorgeous light,
And in the east a purple cloud hangs low,
A few brown birds sing out their hymn to-night
On shadowy boughs—then spread their wings
and go.

Along the road the men that sow and reap
With heavy footsteps stir the whitened dust.
And up the sky—illimitable steep—
The moon climbs slowly to her sacred trust.

O grand, strange trust! to be a light to those
Who lie all night impatient for the morn,
When the fresh fragrance rises from the rose,
And the sweet dew begems the sharpest thorn.

The stars, those sleepless eyes, peer through the
chinks
That line the shrouding darkness of night's walls,
Each thirsty flower its draught of dampness
drinks,
And here and there a perfumed petal falls.

Then from the east a salty breath comes up
To cool the heated bosom of the world,

It lays its lip upon the lily's cup,
Whose white, soft edge its kiss leaves all em-
pearled.

And upward to the splendor of the stars
The fragrant moisture rises like a veil,
Night shuts its gate and drops the heavy bars,
And somewhere morning waits, supreme and
pale. JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

NOTHING TO DO.

NOTHING to do! O folded hands!
Why will ye lie so white and fair?
When the busy world on every side
Calls for thy labor, thy earnest care.

Nothing to do! there are tired feet
Walking with thee life's weary road;
Show them the way in path so sweet
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.

Nothing to do, but live in ease
When thousands fall on every side,
You might have helped to bear the pain,
And breast the swift and rushing tide.

Nothing to do! thy days are light,
With golden eves and sunny morns
You gather flowers, fresh and bright,
Some are tortured with cruel thorns.

Nothing to do! what will you say
When the Lord of the harvest asks of you
"What gleanest thou in my field to-day?"
"Lord, there was nothing for me to do!"
ELLA D. CHAPMAN.

Young Ladies' Department.

MUSIC.

WHY do not our young people take a more intelligent interest in music than they do, and instead of being satisfied with the attainment of some skill in handling the keys of a piano or organ, seek to acquire a thorough knowledge of its literature and cultivate an intelligent appreciation of its wonderful beauties? Most well-informed persons would consider it almost a disgrace to be unable to give some kind of a critical opinion regarding Shakespeare or Tennyson, but they do not blush to confess that they know very little of Beethoven or Handel. And yet I feel safe in asserting that it requires far more cultivation to understand the masters of harmony than those of poetry.

True, there are difficulties in the way. It takes money to acquire even an elementary knowledge of music. Books are cheap, but musical instruments are comparatively expensive. Besides, it takes years of study and practice to accomplish much in the way of developing taste and skill. Furthermore, few aspiring musicians find a congenial atmosphere—ignorance is widespread and

criticism merciless. But after all, music is well worth any sacrifices made in its pursuit—it has satisfying rewards for those who love it.

Perhaps through some word of mine at least one of our young readers may find kindled within his or her soul an intense desire to become a true musician. Not a mere performer—not one who likes to execute difficult compositions for the sake of applause—but one who loves the "divine art" for itself alone, independent of what the world may say or think. To such an one I may stand like a friendly guide-post and point the way, though, like that same guide-post, I may be unable to move along it myself.

You wish to become generally intelligent upon the subject of music. Then I refer you to the encyclopedias and biographical works for accounts of the lives of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Verdi, and Wagner, with a host of lesser names. Next, study their separate compositions or parts thereof, either by playing them yourself, or, if too difficult for you, taking every opportunity of hearing them performed. Read up on all the stories and poems which have been used as subjects of any of the works of the masters. Next you may, if you

desire, become tolerably familiar with modern musicians and composers of a lower grade.

You need not take any set time in which to pursue a course of study like the foregoing. You can do it incidentally while you are still diligently trying to improve your own musical knowledge and skill. Endeavor to play different varieties of music and accustom yourself to perform one almost as readily as another, though, of course, cultivate a certain style which will always be recognized as your own.

Music may be divided somewhat roughly as follows:

1. *Songs*, including instrumental accompaniments.
2. *Dance music*, such as waltzes, polkas, etc.
3. *Musical poems*, descriptive pieces, reveries.
4. *Sacred music*, chants, hymns, oratorios.
5. *Marches*, military music.
6. *Sonatas*, symphonies (some of which are popularly known as organ voluntaries).
7. *Operas*, airs from which are familiar to everybody.

8. *Transcriptions*, songs without their words arranged as instrumental pieces, with variations.

I will give examples of the above, so that those who do not understand the differences between them may be better enabled to do so by actual experiment:

1. "The Valley of Chamouni."
2. "Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz."
3. "Pure as Snow."
4. "Flee as a Bird to your Mountain."
5. "Turkish Reveille."
6. Any one of Beethoven's Sonatas.
7. "Martha," from which is taken the popular air, "Last Rose of Summer."
8. "Home, Sweet Home."

A certain degree of musical culture may be yours, no matter what your disadvantages are, if you work for it. Judicious and persevering practice is the main element of success. But, of course, you can't practice if you have no instruments nor printed music. So a want of money may—only temporarily, let us hope—stand in your way. But you can conquer this difficulty, like all others, if you are in earnest.

Don't be above buying a second-hand piano. It is only false pride to wait until you can have a five or six-hundred dollar instrument, if thereby you must lose years which might have been employed in study. If you purchase from a so-called first-class maker you may often be compelled to

pay half the price given for reputation—it is natural for a well-known manufacturer to trade on his name. A firm less well known may sell a piano just as good at quite a reasonable figure. You can often find a second-hand instrument so little used as to be literally as good as new. If your piano is sweet and rich in tone and kept correctly tuned you need not care whose name it bears.

And don't scorn cheap music. Write to J. M. Stoddart & Co., 1018 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and ask for their catalogue. I think this firm is doing a real missionary work which all lovers of good music, especially if in straightened circumstances, ought to appreciate. If Mr. Stoddart does not help to create and develop a true musical culture throughout our country it will be strange indeed, and I am sure the consciousness of the good he is doing for the cause of education must be to him a great reward, independent of all pecuniary considerations. What do you think of three pieces of music, bound together, printed on good paper, of a regular sheet-music size, with neat paper cover, and all for *ten cents*? Such is one number of Stoddart's Musical Library. The music comprises standard selections from classic and popular authors to suit all grades of musical taste. It includes songs, pathetic and comic; waltzes, polkas, instrumental pieces, and opera *pot-pourris*, as nearly as may be correct to a note. No one need ever say hereafter that the high price of sheet-music prevents his attaining to a comprehensive knowledge of music, for Stoddart's Library is to music precisely what the Seaside Library is to fiction.

Stoddart's Musical Treasury is somewhat similar to the Library, only it is more extended. Each number contains about six pieces and costs fifty cents. *Stoddart's Methods or Schools for the Piano and Organ* are elementary instruction books both good and cheap. So all, from the learner up to the professor, can find something in Stoddart's list of musical works exactly suited to his wants.

When we consider how easy it is to obtain instruments and music, compared to what it was some years ago, we wonder that any musical aspirant should mentally starve. Yet, strange to say, people who think nothing of spending several hundred dollars for finery hesitate at laying out one for the means of cultivation. However, let us hope that there is a better day coming—a day when everybody will play or sing as naturally as he can read or speak. M.

Housekeepers' Department.

MAKING CAKE.

SOME woman asked once why a cake would "run over" after it was nearly baked. Another wanted to know why her cake would "fall" after it came out of the oven.

We used to be troubled this way in making cake, but have overcome all annoyances now. We never fail; ours is never heavy and never "falls" since we have become "mistress of the situation." Listen: For the cake that never fails being perfect, I take one cup of sweet milk, one-half a cup

of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, and three cups of prepared flour, flavor to suit the taste. Must be put into the oven right away. This mixture serves for every kind of cake; if layer cake, the filling is what makes it jelly, chocolate, cream, custard, lemon, or cocoanut. The raisins, currants, spices, etc., is what makes fruit-cake of it.

Try the prepared flour and you cannot fail in anything you make of it. Sift six ounces of Horsford's Baking Powder into twelve pounds of flour and make its acquaintance. FIFSEY.

RECIPES.

JELLIED VEAL.—Cover a knuckle of veal with water, add a small onion and a carrot, and let it boil until the meat is ready to fall off the bone. Take the meat and chop it fine, and return it to the liquor after it is strained, give it another boil, add a little cayenne, salt, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Then pour into a form. Let it stand in a cool place till it jellies. This is a nice dish for lunch or tea.

OAT-MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Mix in a pan a cup and a half of Canadian oat-meal, two cups of water, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; beat thoroughly together; let stand over night. In the morning beat two eggs, to which add a cup of milk, and flour enough to make it of the consistency of buckwheat batter. Bake on a hot griddle. Time for cooking, two or three minutes.

SAUCE FOR BOILED CHICKENS.—Take the legs and necks, with a small bit of the scrag of veal or mutton, put them into a saucepan with two blades of mace, a few white peppercorns, an anchovy, a head of celery sliced, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a small bit of lemon-peel; boil these in a quart of water to half a pint; strain and thicken it with

a quarter pound of butter and some flour, boil it five minutes, then put in two spoonfuls of mushrooms, and having beaten up the yolks of two eggs with a teacupful of cream, put it into your sauce, and keep shaking it one way over the fire till it is near boiling; then put it into a sauce-tureen.

CUSTARD CREAM.—Boil half pint of new milk with a piece of lemon-peel, two peach-leaves, a stick of cinnamon, and eight lumps of white sugar. Should cream be employed instead of milk, there will be no occasion to strain it. Beat the yolks, say of four eggs, strain the milk through coarse muslin or a hair sieve, then mix the eggs and milk very gradually together, and simmer it gently on the fire, stirring it until it thickens, but removing it the moment it begins to boil, or it will curdle.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Six tablespoonfuls of flour, one of yeast, to a cupful of new milk; mix the batter stiff over night. The next day add two eggs well beaten, one ounce sugar, a little shred suet, two or three chopped apples, a few currants, and a lemon-peel; fry in plenty of clarified dripping, a good brown, and dry. The fritters should be about an inch thick in the middle, thinner at the edges. Sauce: lemon-juice, sugar, or melted butter.

The Home Circle.

HINTS FOR HELP.

"HAPPY LODGE," November 16th, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND: You say that you are having a world of trouble with your servants—that they are impudent, dishonest, and careless. You wish yourself free from the whole lot. As you ask me for advice, I think I must give you a few thoughts suggested by my own experience and observations made upon the experiences of others.

The first point to be considered is the selection of servants. When a servant presents herself for examination, if she be quiet, respectful, and possess but a moderate opinion of her own ability and acquirements, then if she has a good reference or, as they call it, "recommendation" saying that she is honest, you may feel safe in giving her a trial. But beware of the servant whose demeanor is pert, saucy, and flighty; who asks, with a toss of her head adorned with a showy hat, if you have stationary tubs, water all over the house, and how many servants you keep; who gives you an elaborate account of the dress and jewelry and equipages of her last mistress, and who inquires if you insist upon the servants eating cold dinners "of a Sunday, and biled dinners of a Monday"!

Such a servant need never show a "character" or a "reference." She shows just what she is with each movement, each word, so that by the time she has arrived at the question of "and how many evenings out do ye give a girl?" and "Do ye make a fuss if a girl has a bit o' company now and again?" you, if you are wise, have reached the conclusion that you will not employ such a

piece of impertinence no matter how desperate your need.

Well, having made a wise selection of servants, the next question to be considered is how much shall you pay them. This is a delicate point upon which to touch, I am well aware, but as a great deal depends upon the manner of its treatment, I will venture upon a few remarks. You will find in the long run that you have done better in hiring a good, careful, honest servant for fair and even liberal wages, than you would have done had you taken a cheaper, more unreliable article at a lower figure. The breakage, waste, and loss by pilfering make up a balance against such a servant that would amaze you with its startling array of figures. By all means give a fair equivalent in all cases for labor performed; then you have the right to demand a faithful, conscientious performance of that labor. How often may one hear a servant say of a former mistress, "She was that stingy she wouldn't pay me decent wages and quarreled with me all the time for not doing more work." Surely no true lady would allow such a belittling charge as this to be brought against her.

Another point presents itself for consideration, namely, fault-finding. Try to commend as often as possible and never reprove when you can avoid it. You will find it a great help just here to remember that other ways of doing work than your own may prove just as good and possibly, strange though it may appear, better! At least it will do no harm to give those ways a fair, unprejudiced trial. Then, if you find your new girl can do the work, cook the food, or sweep the room just as nicely her way, why, how foolish it

would be to insist upon her unlearning all that she has carefully acquired, and learning entirely different, and to her awkward, ways of doing work simply because they are your ways. Let the new girl try her way, then, of doing work, and if possible avoid words concerning it. When there is need of reproving, do so with quiet firmness. Avoid raising the voice or the use of contradictory language. Think how you would feel in her place, among comparative strangers, occupying a subordinate position, and speak as you would like under those circumstances to be spoken to.

Above all things, do not forget that your servants have souls, that those souls must live forever, and that while these persons are with you, you must preach unto them the gospel of Christ, first, by a consistent life, a gentle, Christlike demeanor; second, by manifesting a tender solicitude concerning them. And you must be careful also to avoid "preaching at them," for this always proves offensive and undoes all the good you hoped to do. Do you not think that if a servant sees you kind, gentle, thoughtful of her feelings, always striving to smooth the rough path she treads, by friendly encouraging words and deeds, she will soon grow to respect the religion which prompts these gentle ministrations? Ah! believe me, the best sermon you can preach is the life you live from day to day in the sight of those whom you employ.

And now I have given the advice for which you asked. I hope there is not too much of it and that I have not assumed too dictatorial a tone. I wished to help and sincerely trust that I have done so. Ever your friend in joy and sorrow,

RUTH ARGYLE.

THE ART OF LIVING ECONOMICALLY.

IT has been said, and with more than a single grain of truth, that in nearly every family in this country enough food is wasted to keep a family of the same size and means in Europe. This waste begins in careless or unskilled buying, and ends, after the waste of unskilled cooking, in the well-filled scrap bucket. The following hints and suggestions will be found worth considering. If faithfully brought into practice many a family that now finds it difficult to make both ends meet will discover the way out of trouble and embarrassment:

"The art of living economically and well is an accomplishment which our people know little about; and yet it is one on which the question of independence may exclusively turn.

"The family of limited means which turns the scraps of broken victuals to the best account, takes advantage of the markets by avoiding the high-priced articles, and limiting itself to those which are cheaper and nearly as good, and suffers nothing to be wasted, will live comfortably and save enough to secure a comparative independence in the course of years, while another family in similar situation that neglects these little lessons will remain poor and dependent. It is not what a man earns, but what he saves, that decides the question of independence in this country.

"The art of living includes the minor arts of buying, marketing, cooking, serving, furnishing, and the other little details which the Germans

and French excel in, and which Americans too often hold beneath their notice. With a practical knowledge of these a family may live well and save money on the same stipend which another will entirely squander without securing an equal degree of comfort.

"The variety of food articles in this country is so great that there are few occasions when a thrifty housekeeper may not be able to secure a comparatively cheap dinner, even when many staples are high. It is true, when meat and potatoes are high, families of small means find it a hardship. But there are thousands of persons in the community performing no hard manual labor who do not need meat and potatoes three times a day, nor even once a day. Soup—the art of making which is one which every family ought to acquire—may be prepared with a few bits of flesh and bone and vegetables at a trifling cost, and when skillfully made goes far toward compensating for the absence of meat.

"Oat-meal, which is nearly always cheap, is wholesome, nutritious, and abundant in the properties of muscular fiber. Corn, the cheapest of all grains raised in the country, possesses capacities for transformation into food which are strangely neglected. It may be eaten in the form of bread, meal porridge, hominy, or grits, in each of which it presents different attractions. Eggs, during a larger portion of the year, are cheap and always palatable and nutritious; the lower grades of dried fruit are rarely expensive; and all through the summer and part of the winter the markets generally abound in certain kinds of vegetables that may be had at trifling cost.

"We are not limited to one or two articles of cheap food in this country. Our soil and climate are generous beyond those of other lands in yielding a variety of life-sustaining products; and a little systematic experimenting in buying, preparing, cooking, and saving will enable any thrifty family to live in comfort, even when high prices place meat and potatoes almost beyond their reach."

TO EARNEST.

THAT cheery letter from "The Ranch" quite enthused me; I must thank you through the "Home Circle," and also ask if we may not be favored with a letter from "Old Fort Comfort" once a month. It brings with it something of the Kansas breeze into our lives here, away among the hills of Western Pennsylvania. Kansas has long been our ideal State, and the knowledge that Earnest of the "Home Circle" (for whom we feel the strongest attachment through her *earnest* words) has taken Horace Greeley's advice almost bids us hope that we may yet realize our dream about moving to Kansas, where the climate is more healthful and "elbow room" so abundant. If we do, I shall be tempted to ask Earnest to reveal her identity and locality, with a view to making her my neighbor. Let not your husband's heart be troubled, it is a woman who thus makes love to you.

Oh! for a sight of prairies broad,

And a breath of the air "made new;"

Oh! for a home on Kansas sod,

And that next-door neighbor to you.

ENTHUSIASM.

A WOMAN'S PROTEST.

MY complaint is probably an unusual one for a woman to make, yet I cannot but think there are some weary, burdened sisters who feel the same way and in whom I can trust for sympathy of sentiment. I am tired of the work and worry spent on making the fashionable clothes of the period, and sometimes, with a sigh of longing, exclaim, If it were only the fashion to dress as did some of the ancients, in a long, loose robe, reaching to the feet, with a girdle around the waist, what a comfort it would be! What saving of labor and brainwork, what ease of body and mind might be gained! For if we had never known any other mode of arraying ourselves, this would have been found comfortable and satisfying.

But then, as the world stands now, what would we women do for something on which to expend our powers of ingenuity for the admiration and envy of our sisters if such a plain and simple way of dressing should ever be adopted? And what a dead loss would be the gift of knowing how to invent a costume or make a polonaise or overskirt with a new point or plait here, or a puff or wrinkle or bias fold there. Miss Lucy Top-layer and Aurelia Pinback would be in a state of stagnation for want of some change in the style of their garments.

'Tis true, we could partially console ourselves for absence of variety in dresses by spending a part of our talents and ability in bonnets and hats. The fine arts are always worth cultivating. Especially should this be borne in mind since Oscar Wilde has shown us how lacking we were in true æsthetic taste, and the fashionable world has been aroused at last to cultivate sunflowers and flashiness.

Now I think there really is an art in finding out how many ugly shapes a bonnet can be fashioned into to make it trying to the face, and how many bends you can put in a broad-brimmed hat without making it look only as if it were a thing that had been slept in or knocked about in an omnibus over a rough road until unfit to wear any longer. And almost anything is allowable now in the way of headgear, from the plainest, most sombre shapes and colors, to the jauntiest or most ugly and unbecoming shapes and the gayest and brightest of ribbons and feathers.

Still, many would not be satisfied with the thought and employment which this would require and afford. You cannot spend very much time on a bonnet when all is done that can be, and there is so much larger field for occupation in the making of dresses. That is woman's proper, natural calling and vocation, and the chief end and aim in life with some. No matter if there is no time besides to improve or rest the mind by an hour's reading every day, or to go out frequently away from the household cares and the tiresome plying of the needle into the fresh air and sunshine for a healthful walk and pleasant visit to some friend.

The elaborate mantua-making is of first importance. There must be just such an amount of plaiting or shirring or ruffling on the skirt of every dress, or it will look odd and so unlike other people. Knife-plaiting and kilt-plaiting take so much goods that if your purse is shallow, shirred ruffling is the most economical, and you

can put any quantity of shirring on the waists and sleeves now, in some materials. To be sure, it takes more time and eyesight, but that cannot be considered when there is a nice dress to make. Even for home wear there must be a good deal of work put on them, or others will say, "Why didn't you make that calico with an overskirt instead of just a plain skirt and basque?" or, "How old-time-y that polonaise looks, without any looping or draping!" You cannot even wear an old dress that has gone out of date a little with any comfort, for you know some one will make comments on it. It must be made over or kept out of sight as much as possible—only worn early in the morning or of rainy days, when there is no danger of visitors.

Then the tucking and ruffling and darned net work that must be put on underclothes to have them look "like other people's" is enough to impair the eyesight and wear on the health of hundreds who indulge in it to the extent that I know must be the case, judging from what I see in my limited field of observation.

What use or satisfaction there can be in so much of that I cannot imagine, since, unlike the dresses, it is usually seen by so very few except the washer-woman, and I do not see how they can bear to make all that pretty work to be torn up so quickly by their rough usage.

But I suppose there is no use in hoping for any decided change in such things in my day and generation, so I may as well stop writing and go to ripping up and making over that gray poplin which Mrs. Fitwell made so beautifully winter before last, for it looks too old-fashioned for anything.

ANN ATOM.

LETTER FROM AUNTIE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—The days I choose for chatting with my friends are the days on which (although I am, as always, lying in the shadow) the world upon which I gaze has gleams of sunlight resting upon it. When the clouds lower and the rain falls and the restless winds sob and sigh about my windows, my pen lies beside me on the table unused.

Last night, after a long, long day of pain, a letter was placed in my hand. I read but the beginning, "Dear Auntie," and then I knew that one of my dear girls had written me a message and I knew I should find in it comfort. Nor was I disappointed; it was a loving letter that brought strength to my weakness, rest to my weariness. We rarely meet with a deeper or purer pleasure than that which we feel in receiving the assurance that we "are doing good;" that our words and deeds are bearing fruit of helpfulness and use.

If the summer days are productive of dreams, these still days of early autumn are no less so. We are conscious of being under their influence, yet we cannot or do not save under stern necessity, break the spell. To-morrow, we say, we will rouse ourselves to face neglected duties, and when the morrow comes we still do softly sigh, to-morrow.

The mood of each day is different; to-day we seem all attuned to sympathy with Nature; in her "various language" she whispers to our souls until the troubles of life seem stilled; another

day, we wish for a companion, one to whom the easy thought can flow just as it rises, without care or preparation, one with whom our converse can be free because it will so surely be understood, the close sympathy furnishing a key to the mutual thought and feeling; on other days, we may crave solitude; on some, it may be possible to read or write or work or study a little; and on all and through all this seeming variety, "the unceasing purpose" of our lives should run, the one eternal end never be lost sight of.

As in our dreamy thinking so in our reading. Different days seem not only to demand, but to require, different food. At times Emerson, Carlyle, or some writer full of force and strength and suggestiveness are what we desire; they give us food which sends us forth into intellectual life with an impetus that we feel to be health-giving and invigorating. At other times Shakespeare, Tennyson, or some of their brother poets supply the aliment we crave; at still others, simple, tender verses, pleasing sketches, travels, lure us into a world in which we find rest or recreation.

Once in a while I want a story that will have sufficient intensity of interest to bind my wandering thoughts and help me ward away others that crowd about me and seem to stifle all my energies, bearing upon their leaden wings only sorrow and pain and discouragement.

I like to read the books of other readers, who, like myself, mark as they read passages that seem to them to be particularly fine or beautiful or striking or true, or, as is frequently the case, passages that merely chime in harmoniously with the mood and thought of the moment. In reading works thus marked I can half imagine myself perusing the books with their former readers; the accompaniment of their thought-prints, like footmarks, tells me the way their minds have traveled

and I gain a sense of companionship. At idle times, when unable to do much, I enjoy turning over my own books, seeking the old markings and recalling their impressions and associations.

Sometimes my books slip from my hands and my thoughts alone are busy. The author has lived and written for me; his thoughts have directed my thoughts, his feelings have tinted mine, and I dream of him, his manner, his method, his bearing, his speech, his habits. I see him at his work; I follow him in his home; at his fireside I take an uninvited seat. I feel free, because I know I do not intrude there, for my presence is invisible, and if it were felt it could be felt alone as the admiring love of a voluntary disciple, and as such could hardly be unwelcome.

Anon I read words which take me out of myself. I become so filled with the beauty of some picture, the idealization of some truth, the presentation of some idea, that all impression of the writer's personality is lost in the thought he has presented. It is worth something to be able to see and feel and love goodness, truth, and beauty; it is worth far more to strive for a life that shall realize these things, although this striving can end only when life—earthly life—ends. No effort is lost; what we admire we strive to become; what we desire we endeavor to obtain. "By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." And the blessing of the consciousness of being "part of the Divine power against evil" will give us strength to walk upright along many a stony road, to scale many a bleak and barren precipice.

AUNTIE.

Art at Home.

CREWEL WORK.

THIS is work that claims to be raised from the level of ordinary fancy to an art work. The name is but a modern one for embroidery with worsteds or "Krewels" upon plain materials. Ancient crewel work was indifferently classed with embroideries of silk and gold or work upon canvas, as "wrought needlework" in old chronicles, therefore it is difficult to separate one particular kind by hard and fast lines of demarcation from other embroideries. The proper definition of crewel work is embroidery upon linen, twilled cotton or stuffs, the foundation material being in most cases left as an unworked background, or, when covered, only partially concealed with open diaper or diagonal fillings. The employment of crewels in needlework was the first form of embroidery known, and worsteds mingled with thin plates of gold, or the latter pulled into fine wire, ornamented all the fine needlework of the earlier times before silk was used. The art came from the East, thence spread into Egypt, acquired there by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and taken by the latter wherever they carried their conquests, and though by their time embroidery with silk had become prevalent and superseded the plainer worsteds, still working with crewels in various forms never entirely died out until the present century, when the introduction of the new Berlin wools, in 1835, with their softer texture and more varied dyes, supplanted it for a time; but in 1875 it was reinstated by artists who found it was the best vehicle for the expression, through embroidery, of design and color.

Among the earliest examples of this needlework are the curtains of the Tabernacle, the colored sails of the Egyptian galleys, and the embroidered robes of Aaron and his priests. These were worked with gold and worsted, and though the stitch used on them is believed to have been cross stitch, yet

from the foundation material being fine linen, and the workmen forming their own designs, they undoubtedly rank among art as crewel work. In latter times the Bayeux tapestry and the productions of Amy Robsart and Mary Stuart are witnesses to the industry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while most of the hand-made tapestry of that time consisted simply of crewel stitches entirely covering coarse linen backgrounds. In the eighteenth century large quantities of crewel work were done, much of which is still extant, and gives evidence of the individual energy and taste of that period. The great merit of the work and the reason of its revival lies in the capability it has of expressing the thought of the worker, and its power of breaking through the trammels of that mechanical copying and counting that lowers most embroidery to mere fancy work. Lifted by this power into a higher grade, it can and will rank with laces and ancient gold and silver embroideries that are in themselves works of art, and which were done in times when the best part of life was spent in the effort to give to the world one new type of beauty.

Crewel work has also the inestimable advantage of being adapted to homely decoration, the cheapness of its material, the ease with which it is cleaned, and its strength to resist rough usage, justly making it the chosen vehicle in the decoration of all common home objects of beauty. Partaking, as crewel work does, of the general nature of ancient embroideries, it will be sufficient under this heading to point out its characteristics and manner of working. In it good work is known by the design and coloring being treated as a decorative, and not as a realistic, copy of nature. It is well ascertained that the materials capable of producing embroideries are not of a kind that can imitate nature in her glories of form and color, and that any copy will be a failure; therefore all work claiming to be good must be conventionally treated, the design being represented flat upon a flat background, and no attempt made, by

means of shadows and minute shadings, to raise and round it from its surface as in painting, and in correct crewel work this rule is followed. Many unthinking persons object to this, proud of the idea of only copying from nature; but let the effect be tried of flowers worked as they see them, and the same treated decoratively, and a short experience will soon convince them that one group can be looked upon for ever with rest and repose, while the other offends by the badness of its copy and harshness of its coloring.

Crewel work is a difficult embroidery, because it depends for its success not upon the exact putting in of stitches and their regularity, or upon the time and labor bestowed upon reproducing a pattern, but upon the absolute necessity there is for the mind of the worker being something more than a copying machine, possessing the power of grasping and working out an idea of its own, and of being able to distinguish between a good and bad design or system of coloring. The technical difficulties of the work are so few and so simple that when described they seem to be trifles, for after the broad rules of what to do and avoid are stated, a written instruction is of little help, as it cannot give the subtleties of form and color upon which the work depends for its perfection, nor can it convey to an inartistic mind the power of right selection between conflicting coloring. What can be learned from instruction is the manner of forming the various stitches used in the work, while practice will give a free use of the needle, and the power of setting the stitches so that each is put in with regard to its place in the whole design, and is neither worked too close to its neighbor nor too far from it, but by its direction expresses the contour of a line or the form of a leaf. Just as in painting no master can inspire his pupil with his own gift of coloring unless the power of seeing and delineating is already possessed and only requires to be brought out and strengthened by instruction, so in crewel work the learner must have an innate taste for what is true in form and color to profit by the rules that are exemplified in the best examples of needlework.

One of the great advantages of this work over other descriptions of embroidery is its usefulness for everyday needs, as, from the nature of its materials, it can be adapted to almost all kinds of household decoration and is not out of keeping with either homely or handsome furniture, provided the stuffs it is worked upon are selected with regard to the ornaments and purposes of the room. The selection of such suitable materials must be particularly borne in mind when the work is employed to decorate such permanent articles as wall-hangings, friezes, portieres, and window curtains. In a handsomely furnished sitting-room for winter use those should be either of plush, Utrecht velvet, velveteen, waste silk, velvet cloth, diagonal cloth, or serge, according to the richness or simplicity of the accompanying furniture, and the ground color in all cases should be dark and rich, with the embroidery upon it in lighter shades of the same, or in a light shade of a color that harmonizes with the background. Plush is the handsomest of all these materials, as it dyes in such beautiful tones of color; its disadvantages lie in its expense and that the pattern traced upon it is not permanent, and, unless worked over, at once wears off; it also requires a lining and is therefore more used to work upon as a border to curtains of velvet cloth or diagonal cloth than as whole curtains, but if the above defects are not objected to there is no doubt about the softness and beauty of a portiere or chimney curtain worked in plush. Utrecht velvet is harder to work through than plush, and is more used for curtain dades than for a whole curtain or curtain border. Velveteen of the best quality works well, but is more suitable for screens and chimney curtains than large hangings; it looks best when embroidered with coarse filloes. Velvet cloth is a soft, handsome material, warm looking, and falling in easy folds; it is a good texture to work upon and takes the tracing lines perfectly. Diagonal cloths and serges are both soft materials, easy to work upon and artistic in coloring, their only defects being that they do not take the tracing lines well and

require to be worked at once or the pattern lines run with fine white cotton as soon as marked out.

Summer Curtains, etc., for sitting-rooms, are either made of waste silks, silk sheeting, China silk, real Russian crash, or the superior makes of Bolton sheeting. The cheap sheetings and crash are not recommended for large surfaces of embroidery; they are too harsh in texture and too coarse altogether to be used when so much time and labor is expended over their decoration. Waste silks and China silks are either worked with filloes or crewels, but the crashes and twills, being washing materials, should only be worked with crewels.

In such articles as **chair-tidies, bed-valances, toilet-covers, aprons, etc.,** cleanliness has to be the first object, and for these use the washing materials known as flax, smock linen, oatcake and oatmeal linens, and crash. Large pieces of needlework require patterns that convey the feeling of breadth without the work being too fine to be appreciated upon such objects. The best designs for these articles are either large flowers in outline, with long, upright stems and leaves starting from the bottom of the hanging and branching stiffly over the surface of the material, or decorative or geometrical designs, such as are familiar in Italian wall paintings or outline figure subjects. The colors chosen for the embroidery when upon dark, handsome backgrounds are lighter in shade than the backgrounds and of little variety; but when the embroidery is upon light backgrounds, greater variety of tint and contrasts of color are allowable in the decoration.

The patterns known as **Outlines** will be found sufficient for most decorative work, but where the designs are to be filled in, select flowers that are large and bold in outline and that are single, and discard small and double ones. Employ but few shades of color to work together and do not include more than two primary colors in one piece, filling in the rest of the design with those that harmonize with the primaries and with half tints of the two chief colors. Avoid those that contrast with each other, and choose harmonies—it is one of the chief faults of Berlin work that violent contrasts composed of the bright primary colors are introduced together—be careful that the same fault does not creep into crewels. Avoid all outline dyes, firstly, because they never blend with other colors and always make the object they are attached to harsh and garish, and secondly, because they fade sooner than the other hues, and, instead of fading with the quiet tones of softer dyes, look utterly dead and worn out.

The question of the **color of backgrounds** to work upon is most important. Avoid pure white or black, as both are crude; white cream or lemon white are good, but not white of a blue tinge. Most colors will look well upon a cream-white background, but the brightest shade of any color should not be worked upon white. Reds and crimsons of a yellow tinge will harmonize together better than blue shades of red; yellow and sage greens agree with other colors better than vivid blue greens, yellow blues better than sky blues, effrons and lemon yellows better than orange-colored yellows. In working upon colored backgrounds the same attention to harmonious coloring must be exercised. It will be generally correct that the background color should be repeated for the work if lighter and deeper tones of the color are selected for the chief parts of the needlework than for the background, with a few needlefuls of the exact tint of the background used in the embroidery. Thus, upon a blue-green ground a pale, pure blue shade of crewels is worked; yellow-green backgrounds allow of yellow crewels and brown, gold colors, while maroon backgrounds will allow of scarlet crewels. The great thing to remember is that the eye to be pleased must be contented by harmonious coloring; therefore the tints selected, although they can be bright, must never be vivid, and must assimilate with their surroundings and not oppose them.

Fancy Needlework.

Fruit Designs for Dollies.—DIRECTIONS FOR TREATMENT.—The fruit should be outlined in the natural colors—brown, black, red, etc.; the leaves in shades of green. An excellent result may be obtained with less trouble by using marking cotton in one color, either blue or red.

Patchwork.—A pretty set pattern made with three different sized patches, and forming a combination of squares, crosses, and hexagons. Cut out in black satin a number of perfect squares one and a half inches in width and length, and some of the same size in yellow satin. Cut out in red silk lozenge-shaped or pointed oblong patches, each measuring three inches

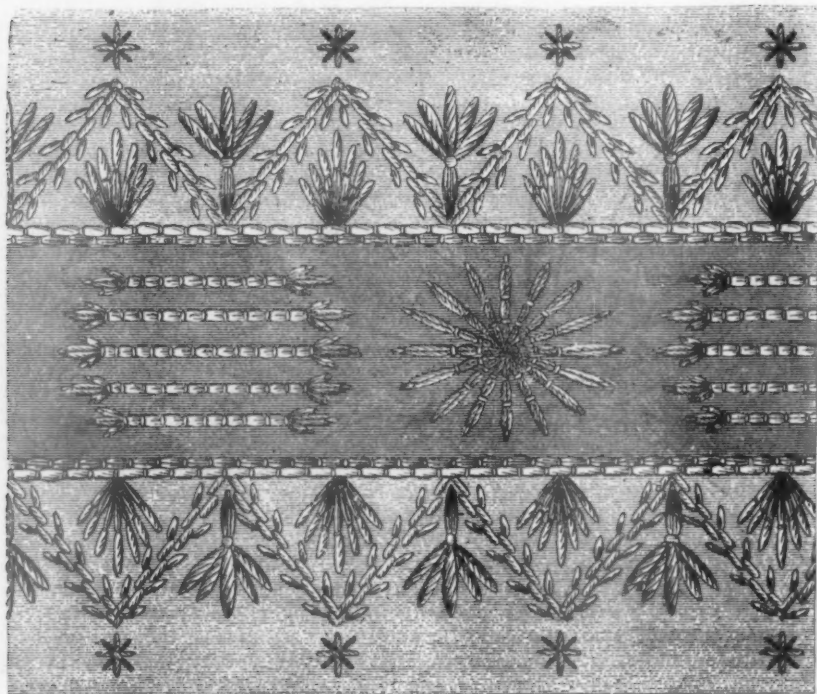
from point to point, one and a half inches across, one and a half inches for the long lines, and three-quarters of an inch for the short lines that form the right angle. Take some violet silk and cut a number of larger lozenges four inches from point to point, two inches across, three inches for the long lines, and one and a half inches for the short lines that form the right angle. Join together five squares as a square cross, one dark square being in the centre, and four light ones around it; take a black square and join to it four red lozenges, and sew the points of the lozenges to each other. Sew the cube thus made to the outside of one of the arms of the cross, so that the centre square is on the same line as the centre of the cross, and



DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY—BLACKBERRIES AND PEAR.



DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY—CHERRIES AND STRAWBERRIES.

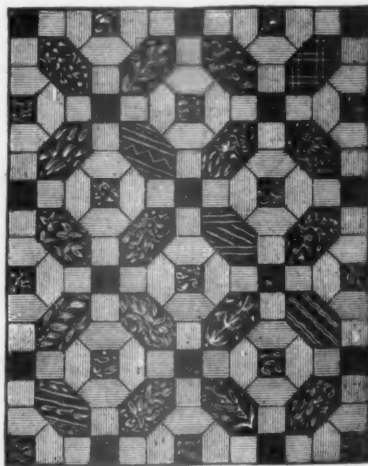


POINT LANCÉ EMBROIDERY.

fill in the spaces on the sides of the cubes and cross with the violet lozenges. Continue the pattern by connecting a cross to a cube, and a cube to a cross, always filling up with the violet lozenges. The pattern measures across one cube and a cross nine inches, and as each design takes four light squares, two dark squares, four red lozenges, and four violet lozenges, a brief calculation will give the number of patches required for a given space, to which must be added a few extra of all the sizes to fill in corners, etc.

Point Lancé Embroidery.—A modern embroidery deriving its name from the frequent use of a particular stitch. It is an extremely easy work and one that is useful for working borders to table-cloths and curtains. It is made by ornamenting the foundation material with a band of a contrasting color, and finishing off with Point Lancé and other embroidery stitches worked either with filosselles or Berlin wools. To work, as shown in illustration: select a pale blue or sea-green diagonal cloth, serge, or fine cloth material for the foundation, and a russet red for the band. This band should be four inches in width and can be made either of satin or cloth or braid (ribbon could be used, but is more difficult to work through). Embroider the pattern shown in the illustration upon this band before placing it upon the foundation. Work the star in the centre with a number of long railway stitches in the old gold-colored filosselles or wool, and couch this star down to the material with a light yellow silk, and with stitches arranged so as to form two circles. For the long lines upon each side of the star, lay down double strands of filosselle or wool of the same color as used on the star, couch them down with yellow silk, and finish off with three small railway stitches at each of their ends. Having worked all the band, lay it down upon the foundation material four inches from the edge and tack it round all the sides. Fasten by running it upon each side, but do not turn

any edge under. Take filosselles or wool of two shades of russet red, one darker and one lighter than the strip, and lay these along the edge of the strip, the darker inside and the lighter outside. Couch these down with silk matching them in shade. Work the fan-shaped sprays upon the foundation with a pale blue or sea-green color, and in Point Lancé; the little stars beyond them in Point Lancé and in the two shades of yellow.



MOSAIC PATCHWORK.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FOR evening and full dress occasions, the **train** is restored to favor. Its temporary banishment was caused by the fact that some who wore it carried it to extravagant proportions. Trains three and four yards in length are ridiculous—so it is no wonder that ladies of good taste protested against wearing them altogether. But in fashion, as in everything else, a happy medium is desirable. While it may not be the best thing in the world to wear a long-trained dress, neither is it desirable always to wear one clearing the carpet. A sensible length of train is less than two yards.

Short dresses, however, are still worn for ceremonious occasions, especially by young ladies. Street dresses and dresses for general wear are still made invariably with short skirts; and short enough to escape the ground entirely, and display the ankle. This style has the advantage of showing a nice boot, or fancy slipper and stocking.

After a long oblivion, **lace shoes** are again coming into fashion. But they are not the old-time, plain, high boot, with a clumsy lacing up the front, nor even the patent-leather tipped, once considered so elegant. They are long, round-toed, and daintily curved, with neat light eyelets and strings. These shoes are modeled upon those lately so popular with gentlemen. They are known as **English walking-shoes**. But it is not likely that they will "take" to any great extent; they are so different from the familiar, neatly-buttoned boot; besides, they are rather too masculine in appearance. Moreover, the saving of time is an item; it takes very much longer to lace a shoe properly than to button one.

We have noticed little new in the way of wraps. They are still generally long and half-fitting, of cloth, satin, gros grain, and the usual cloaking fabrics. As winter advances they will be more than ever trimmed with **bands, collars, and cuffs of fur**. Among the varieties of fur are silver coney, chin-chilla, silver-pointed black Russian hare, black beaver, silver-pointed black beaver, black Russian hare, black coney, blue fox, and silver-pointed fox. The term "silver-pointed" is applied to furs, which are ornamented by the addition of white hairs, sewed among the natural dark ones.

Sealskin is always fashionable. It sometimes takes the form of dolmans and other ample wraps; but the standard shape is that of a long, half-fitting sacque. Sealskin sacques are sometimes lengthened and remodeled by the addition of other fur as trimming. There is only one fur, however, at all suitable to be combined with sealskin and this is natural beaver. Its light, brown hue brings out perfectly the dark, rich shade of the seal. Seal muffs and boas are occasionally seen, but this material is not so suitable for such use as are the longer-haired skins. Sealskin hats are the latest elegance. Caps and turbans of the fur have long been worn, but they were quite imperfect compared with the hats now in vogue. These are large and stylish, shaped in the most artistic manner by millinery skill, and trimmed with fine seal-brown ostrich plumes, fastened with birds, or seal-brown satin loops or bows.

A long **black lynx cape** and muff are often seen with cloth suits, or costumes needing no outer wrap. Sometimes a chamotte jacket is worn under the dress waist to give sufficient warmth, the lynx cape then being only necessary to protect the neck. But however it may be in reality, this fashion looks like a cold one, for the waist and arms appear insufficiently clad.

Ladies now very generally wear **leggings** on cold days. These are knitted of black zephyr or Germantown wool, and come well up over the knees. Children's leggings, both for boys and girls, are of double zephyr either of the same shade as the coat or of red to match the cap now so much worn by little men and women.

A **novelty in bridal dresses** is a facing or lining of some delicate color, such as pink or lilac, showing beneath the pleatings trimming an otherwise pure white costume. But this by some is considered an innovation. The conventional orange-blossoms are not always used. White roses, clonstis, lilacs, and jessamine are some of the flowers now employed to fasten the veil, to be arranged in festoons upon the dress, and to form the bouquet for the hand.

A lady may wear one **evening toilette** on a number of dressy occasions by changing the trimming. A foundation dress may be of plain silk or satin. Over this, at one time she may drape a lace shawl and fasten it with flowers. Another time, the dress may re-appear as a new one, with a profusion of chenille or bead ornaments, bright ribbon bows, *craps line* ruchings, embroidered blossoms, or anything her fancy may dictate, provided always that the garniture be tasteful and beautiful. This is now done even by ladies of means who could wear a new dress for every assemblage if they chose.

A dressy wrapper of gay cashmere or silk, adorned with laces, embroideries, flowers, and ribbons, may now be worn all day in the house, and a lady may receive her company in such attire. Only now the old serviceable wrapper is re-christened as the fashionable **tea-gown**. Any loose robe, with or without Watteau pleats and long train, provided it is sufficiently ornamental, is the most aesthetic garb. This, however, need not prevent ladies from wearing plain wrappers for morning and neatly fitting basques and skirts for afternoon, if they choose to do so; but it may give them some ideas as to how to remodel a partly worn, elegant costume, no longer suitable for church, party, or street. Insufficiency of one kind of material need not frighten an economical lady, for in a tea-gown, as in every other variety of dress now worn, two, three, and even four fabrics are employed in the construction and ornamentation of the same garment.

With a wrapper or tea-gown, a **fancy cap**, of lace, muslin, or embroidery may be worn, sometimes further ornamented by a flower or bright ribbon.

In **hats or bonnets** the popular taste is still divided between the **large poke** and the **small capote**. The poke, in reality, is as much a hat as a bonnet, as its broad brim in front extends well over the face, and its strings, more for ornament than use, fall down and are looped, not under but *upon* the hair. The favorite colors are black and garnet. The latter color comes in three or four distinct shades, the lightest being almost a pink. Three feathers, each of a different shade, are sometimes fastened in one garnet bonnet, of plush, felt, or velvet. Of course, besides black and garnet, various other dark hues are worn, notably deep blues and greens.

In **passamenterie** trimmings jet is always in vogue. A new fancy is for fringes and drops of **chenille** and for silk-covered ball or tasse ornaments. Another novelty and an expensive one is **lace flowers**, in which every petal is worked separately and then mounted on wire.

Painted lace is a new extravagance—in short, a piece of ridiculous excess. The flowers and leaves are delicately tinted in water-colors—even real laces being sometimes treated in this way, as if exquisite lace were not in itself beautiful enough. Still, every fashion has its advantages. A lady of taste may beautify and so render wearable a piece of lace too soiled or worn to be of much value otherwise. Some ladies can paint who cannot clean and restore the delicate fabric to its pristine loveliness—in fact, few but professionals can do it satisfactorily. Of course, this painted lace can only be worn with full-dress costumes.

Children's clothes are at last sensible. From the tiniest baby up to the biggest schoolboy all wear good, woven **merino** or **flannel** next the skin. All wear **high neck** and **long sleeves**, even infants but a day old. **Stockings**, dark, thick, and warm, come well above the knee and over the merino under-drawers. **Shoes**, though neat, are warm and stout. **White dresses** are now seen only on the youngest children, little boys and girls from two years upward wearing loose **colored frocks**, of cashmere or merino, covered with a large apron of muslin or gingham. A boy of four or five wears a **kilt-suit**, with coat, vest, short pleated skirt and knee-breeches. For outdoors both little boys and girls are enveloped in **long coats**, coming to the hems of their dresses.

Tiny girls, as well as older ones, have their faces and ears well protected by **big, picturesque bonnets and hoods**, sometimes made of bright cashmere and loops of ribbon of the same shade to match the dress or coat. Boys too big for a girlish hat are comfortable in **knitted polo caps** or **fur** or **velvet turbans**. No child goes out without knitted **scarfs, mittens, and leggings**. Boys' caps should always have attached to them **ear-bobs** to be turned down or not according to the weather. Older boys wear big **overcoats**, miniature copies of those worn by their papas.

Gossamer wraps, or waterproof cloaks and coats, come in all sizes for school-children. They are not only cheaper but much healthier than the old-fashioned cloth-waterproof, as they do not absorb and retain dampness. **Rubber overshoes** also range from the smallest sizes upward.

For **children's parties** and festivals little girls' dresses are often made of white muslin or lace over a foundation of silk or satin. Such fancy dresses are always high necked and long sleeved, and are intended to be worn over thick under-clothing. When a heavier white dress is desired, fleece-lined pique may be procured as warm as a woolen fabric. For the handsomest suits, all of one material, **velvet** and **plush** are used.

Children's shoes have broad, thick soles and low heels, except for the youngest children who can walk—these have at the heel a simple thickening of the sole.

Notes and Comments.

How Drink Kills.

THAT the habitual use of intoxicating drink impairs the health and diminishes brain power is a fact so well established that no intelligent person will question it for a moment. And yet with this knowledge before them, large numbers of people in all classes of society daily indulge in the use of alcoholic beverage, thus sowing in their physical constitutions the seeds of disease in some of the many forms which it takes in consequence of derangement and obstruction in its delicate organisms. Jacob L. Green, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., made, in a recent speech, the following pertinent remarks on this subject, which all who indulge in the dangerous habit referred to should carefully read and well consider:

"It has been my duty to read the records of and to make careful inquiry into the last illness and death of many thousand persons of all classes in all parts of the country. Two great features are shown in those records: the value of a man's inheritance of vitality and the modifying force of habits of living upon that vitality. Every man is born with an amount of vital force that ought, accidents apart and humanly speaking, to carry him a specific distance on the scale of years, and each man's inheritance can, on the average, be fairly determined. Among the persons selected with care for physical soundness and sobriety and who are, as a rule, respectable and useful members of society, the death rate is more profoundly affected by the use of intoxicating drinks than by any other one cause apart from heredity.

"There are not, among insured men, a great many deaths in the gutter nor of delirium tremens. There are a great many hob-nailed livers and other diseases whose history is not far to seek; but in the majority of cases the effect is mainly apparent in the predisposition to disease caused by drink and the sap of the vital powers, impairing their ability to maintain healthy action under adverse circumstances, to sustain a conflict with disease or to rally from shock.

"The degree to which many diseases commonly referred to malaria, overwork, and other vague, general, scapegoat causes, are actually grounded in what would almost invariably be called a temperate use of drink by persons of reputed temperate habits, would be incredible to the mass of people unaccustomed to a careful observation and comparison of related cases.

"That habitual, ostentatious drunkenness should issue in disease and death most people can understand; but that moderate, orderly, decorous indulgence should issue in congested brains, insanity, suicide, paralysis, diseases of kidneys, liver, stomach, in pneumonia, rheumatism, and in general in those diseases which at bottom mean a poison imported into the blood, most persons do not know and are slow to believe."

A Mystic Christmas.

THIS is the title of one of Mr. Whittier's latest poems, which we take from the Christmas number of the *Youth's Companion*. It is very characteristic of the gentle Quaker poet, whose life, as his serene old age draws on, seems steadily rising into the region of perception where "outward symbols disappear":

"All hail!" the bells of Christmas rang,
"All hail!" the monks at Christmas sang;
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent, in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

"Why sitt'st thou thus?" his brethren cried,
"It is the blessed Christmas-tide;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow."

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born!"

"Rejoice with us; no more rebuke
Our gladness with thy quiet look."
The gray monk answered: "Keep, I pray,
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday."

"Let hesthen Yule fires flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are spread;
With mystery play and masque and mine
And wait-song speed the holy time!"

"The blindest faith may haply save;
The Lord accepts the things we have;
And reverence, howsoever it strays,
May find at last the shining ways."

"They needs must grope who cannot see,
The blade before the ear must be;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt."

"But, now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place."

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,
To hear the song the angels sung;
And wait within myself to know,
The Christmas lilies bud and blow."

"The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise!"

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign;
But judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!"

Seed-Time and Harvest.

THERE is a time to sow and a time to reap. The harvest time is over and we begin to think of seed-time. Those of our readers who would avail themselves of the best facilities for securing good seeds, plants, and shrubs should glance over the advertisements in this department under the head of SEEDS, ETC. We think we can safely recommend our readers to those who advertise under their own name, because they are not afraid to deal direct with their customers. They have a reputation to maintain, and upon general principles give better satisfaction than those who sell through other houses and depend upon others to puff their goods. We can assure those who deal with our advertisers in the seed department that they will receive fair dealing, and if they sow their seeds with care a rich harvest will be their reward.

Personal Appearance.

NO one, however elegant in manner, or well informed, remarks an observant writer, can be acceptable to his acquaintances unless scrupulously clean and neat in person. Negligence in this respect not only implies indolence but indifference as to whether we please or not. In some it betrays affectation; in others a disregard of the usages of society, and a certain assumption of being approved without designing to use the means which men and women in general are required to adopt.

"The voice and manner of speaking," he goes on to say, "should likewise be carefully attended to. Some young people mumble over their words; others speak so fast as to be scarcely intelligible; some vociferate as if they were calling to the deaf; others, again, whisper in such a manner as scarcely to be heard; and many will put their face so close to yours as to offend you with their breath. We know a young person who is otherwise well-bred and highly educated, but who is actually avoided on account of this habit. All such peculiarities are extremely disagreeable, but may readily be got rid of."

"Do not think that the mention of such small discrepancies

is unnecessary; it is not so. A thousand little nameless things, which every one feels, constitute an ill or well-bred person; and many a sensible and meritorious man has lost ground by neglecting the minor graces; while many a one, by attention to them, has passed well in general society, though less deserving."

[The following came too late for the "Home Circle," for which it was intended, but will read quite as well among our "Notes and Comments."]

Canvassing for Arthur's.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:—Did any of you ever get up a club for a magazine or paper? If so, you will appreciate what I am about to say. If not, then you have missed an opportunity to study human nature in various homes.

For several years I have been subscribing for this MAGAZINE with a club in a distant town, where I formerly lived. But this year the idea occurred to me to get up a club at home, not alone for the sake of the free copy, though that is a sufficient inducement, but I love the MAGAZINE so well myself, that I wanted those of my friends who do not already rejoice in the possession of it, to do so. This is a result of a principle early implanted by a wise and loving mother. During my childhood my joys and sorrows were shared by two sisters, one older and one younger than myself, and our dear mother so trained us in sisterly love that a pleasure was nothing to one of us unless also enjoyed by the other two.

But to return to my canvassing. I live some distance in the country, and consequently could not get to town as often as I desired. But with the help of a dear lady friend residing in the village (she canvassing there and I in the country), we formed a club of eight, which was the number we wanted. But we found more who were willing to take it, so we worked on to see how many subscribers we could get. It would be amusing, were it not so discouraging, to hear the various excuses given for not subscribing.

But not everywhere did we meet with refusals. It was so refreshing to see an intelligent lady look carefully at the specimen copy and say, "I like its appearance. I will try it for a year," and then produce the money.

Or to hear a business man say, "I don't get much time for magazine reading, but if my wife or daughter wants it, here is the subscription price."

Be sure we had no trouble with old subscribers. There was no hesitancy about their renewal. One lady said, "I have read it for twenty years. I think no mother can afford to be without it."

A little boy, the son of a long-time reader of the MAGAZINE, accompanied us on our rounds one morning. He seemed so eager to increase the club. He would say to the doubtful, "Ma has taken it a long time. I always read the Children's Department." And he would be so elated when we succeeded, and so disappointed when we failed to secure a subscriber. Ah! he has yet to learn that in this uncertain life our hopes are quite as often disappointed as realized.

One sweet-faced old lady thought at first that it was only a fashion paper, but on being assured that it was "all this—ay, more," she willingly subscribed. So by the united efforts of my friend and myself, the HOME MAGAZINE will brighten at least eighteen homes during the coming year. And we feel sure that after one year's probation it will become to them almost indispensable.

In some of those homes it will visit those who are going down the western slope of the highway of life, those who can say,

"And so, the battle is nearly done,
And the gilded shield will be laid away,
And the golden bronze of the evening sun
Slants over the mountain gray."

To some tired teachers it will come; those sculptors who work not in marble or granite, but in the more imperishable fabric of human minds, those whose influence will be felt for ages—ay, and throughout all eternity. To these it will bring sweet, refreshing thoughts—diamonds and pearls of wisdom, which will give them renewed strength for each day's labor.

In other homes it will be eagerly read by young girls—the future wives and mothers of our land, who are now

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet;
Womanhood and girlhood fleet."

Oh! may its influence aid these to escape from the snares and pitfalls that surely lie in their path. May they find in its pages that wise and motherly counsel, that elevation of sentiment and purity of tone that will help each to become

"A perfect woman, nobly planned;
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel's light."

LIZZIE H. WILLIAMS.

Ayer's Newspaper Annual.

THE volume of this important annual for 1882 is the most complete and valuable work of its kind ever issued. It contains a vast amount of classified information and statistics in regard to the production, trade, and population of states, counties, and cities, by which merchants and manufacturers can determine for themselves in what section of the country, and in what mediums it will pay best to advertise the particular articles in which they deal. A great deal of money is thrown away in advertising because it is not done intelligently, and no one can advertise intelligently unless he possesses himself of just the class of facts which are to be found in this manual.

A Young Girl's Silk Fair.

ONE among the interesting displays in our city during Christmas week was that seen at the "Bazaar and Silk Fair, complimentary to Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter," a young girl only fifteen years old, who has already achieved a national reputation as "Philadelphia's young silk culturist."

The fair was held December 20th, 21st, and 22d, in Spring Garden Institute Hall. The large room was gayly decorated with flags, banners, and festoons of colored fringe, all of silk, mingled with wreaths of evergreens. Around the walls were arranged show-cases and tables containing many articles of interest, use, and beauty. The most attractive of these were the various specimens of silk, in different stages of progress, from the cocoon to the woven fabric and painted or embroidered panel or cushion made from it.

Conspicuous among the objects here shown was Miss Rossiter's own collection of cocoons, which resemble in size and shape nothing so much as peanuts. In color, they are of a pale yellow or creamy-white. They are placed in a large glass jar. In other smaller jars near them were specimens of cocoons from every State in the Union, mostly presents made to the young lady by persons also interested in silk-culture. A little jar standing by itself, contained cocoons from the School for Feeble-Minded Children, Media, Pa. Miss Rossiter herself has taught to the inmates of this institution the management of silk-worms.

A beautiful exhibit showing every process of silk-culture on a small scale was presented by the Nonotuck Silk Company, Nonotuck, Mass. Skeins of raw silk in all its natural tints of white and yellow, from all silk-producing countries, especially Italy, China, and Japan, and of all ages were gathered together near by. Silk flowers, flossy embroideries, hand-painted bags, tidies and cushions, dazzling plushes, satins and velvets forming exquisite creations, all spread out their manifold beauties in dazzling array. Over the silk-tables were hung framed letters from prominent people all over the country, expressing their appreciation of Miss Rossiter's enterprises. Among these were letters from General Grant, Mrs. Garfield and Miss Follie Garfield. In the centre of this interesting collection was Miss Rossiter's diploma from the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, received when she was but thirteen and a half years old.

Young as she is, Miss Rossiter was among the first in Penn-

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are made of Prof. Horsford's Acid Phosphate, and are healthful and nutritious because they restore to the flour the phosphates that were lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

The deficiency of the phosphates is a frequent source of ill health, and they are not only an important nutritive principle, but also an indispensable element in the construction of all the bodily tissues.

These Baking Powders have received the indorsement of the prominent Physicians of this and other countries.

BARON LIEBIG, the world renowned German Chemist, said:

"It is certain that the nutritive value of the flour will be increased ten per cent. by your invention."

The late **DR. SAMUEL JACKSON**, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, said:

"Your preparation, while it makes a light, sweet, palatable bread, restores to it the phosphate of lime which had been separated from the flour, and thus adapts it as an aliment for the maintenance of a healthy state of the organization."

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Providence, R. I.

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"Calvert, Texas,

"May 3, 1882,

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

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"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL**.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the **PECTORAL** constantly by me for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

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"E. F. HARRIS.
"River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882."

SALT RHEUM.

GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA**. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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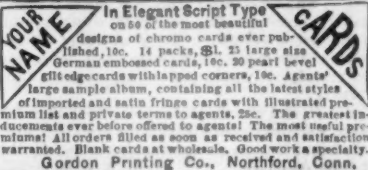


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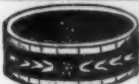
The six valuable and useful articles illustrated above may be obtained by every reader of this publication absolutely Free of Charge. Read this advertisement carefully, for it presents an opportunity such as is seldom met with. We publish a splendid Literary, Agricultural and Household paper called **The Rural Home Journal**, each number of which contains eight large pages, 32 columns, profusely illustrated, and filled with valuable hints and suggestions for the Farmer, Gardener and House-wife, also splendid Stories, Sketches and Poems, useful Knowledge, Ladies' Fancy Work, Wit and Humor, Exposures of Humbug, Reading for the Young, News, etc. It is replete with valuable information, and subscribers often find in a single issue some hint or suggestion worth twice the cost of a year's subscription. Wishing to introduce this splendid paper into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we now make the following unparalleled offer: Upon receipt of only **Fifty Cents in postage stamps** we will send **The Rural Home Journal for One Year**, and we will also send **Free and post-paid Six Valuable and Useful Premiums**, as follows:—1. **Scrap Picture Album**, containing 44 beautiful embossed pictures in many colors and various designs, very desirable for decorating fancy articles, for scrap-books, etc. 2. **Ladies' Lace Tie**, 28 inches long, and of very pretty design; will be sure to please the ladies. 3. **Adjustable Watch Key**. This is a key that will wind any watch, as it adjusts itself to its any post. It is handsomely finished, and is a most useful and handy article for any one. 4. **Elegant Carved Finger Ring**, for lady or gentleman, with gold plated top and nacre-plate. This is a pretty ring, and one that will last a life-time. 5. **Beautiful Ladies' Jet Brooch**, of handsome pattern, neat and stylish, and will last a life-time. 6. **The Mystic Oracle**, or Combination Cards, by the aid of which you can tell any number or numbers thought of by members of a company, tell the ages of your friends, etc. These articles are all valuable and useful, warranted as represented, and very suitable for Christmas presents. Remember, we send all the premiums described above, six in number, free to any one sending fifty cents for a year's subscription to **THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL**. This is a wonderful bargain! Do not fail to take advantage of it, as you may never again have an opportunity to obtain so much for so little money! Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded! As to our reliability, we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York. For \$2.00 we will send five subscriptions to the paper and five sets of the premiums; therefore by getting four of your neighbors to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premiums free. Address: **F. M. LUTTON, Publisher, 87 Park Place, New York.**

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YOUR NAME on 50 Large, Handsome Chromo Cards 10c. They are entirely new, made expressly for our 1883 trade. 13 packs for \$1.00. Agents' Book of Samples. **Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.**



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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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50 New and Elegant Hand, Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horse Shoe, Lily of the Valley, etc., Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book free with 50 order.

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Marvellous success.
Insane Persons Restored.
DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
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Large sizes for circulars, &c., \$8 to \$60. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.

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ARCADIA VELVETEEN

FINEST **BEST**

Fashion Journals in the United States say of these Goods:

"In the general rush among modistes and dressmakers for a fine brand of Velveteen, there seems to be great delight expressed over a new brand which appears in the market for the first time this season, viz.: The ARCADIA VELVETEEN. It is * * * much sought after for jackets and fur trimmed suits, for children's costumes and ladies' dinner dresses. Its cost is also an element in its success, as it can be purchased at the same price as ordinary brands."—GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

"Several brands are now being imported into this country, the leading and most popular of all being the 'Arcadia,' which has a close, even texture on the back, and a long rich pile, which gives a lustrous surface so closely resembling the real Lyons velvet that few but experts can tell the difference. The 'Arcadia' stands upon its own merit. * * * Ladies purchasing the 'Arcadia' will find they have selected a fabric that will not fade, spot, or wrinkle, and, with comparatively little expenditure, have obtained goods, serviceable and of peculiar excellence."—DOMESTIC FASHION COCKER.

"The newest triumph in Velveteen has been achieved by the 'Arcadia,' a Manchester production of exceeding fineness, depth and richness of texture. Its pile is soft, close and even, and experts fail to detect the difference between it and real velvet when made up."—DEMOISELLE'S MONTHLY.



ARCADIA VELVETEEN
(REGISTERED)

In the French and English markets they have superseded the use of Silk Velvets. Ask for this brand. Take no other. See that you get it. You will be satisfied. For the protection of the consumer we stamp every yard. With the above endorsements it is needless for the proprietors to say anything except to ask consumers to compare these goods with any other make and decide for themselves.

Fashion Journals in England and France say of these Goods:

The LONDON AND PARIS LADIES' MAGAZINE says:—"Foremost in this class of fabrics we must place the 'Arcadia Velveteen.'"

The LONDON FAMILY HERALD says:—"These Velveteens dyed in this country, certainly prove that it is possible, at an exceedingly small cost, compared with the expensive German process, to obtain a color and lustre equal to that of a silk velvet, and, moreover, these Velveteens neither change color nor spot with rain."

The STYLISH JOURNAL says:—"The Arcadia Velveteen is an improvement upon ordinary velveteen that is sure to be thoroughly appreciated, not only during the coming winter, but for many seasons."

The ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE says:—"I have frequently recommended the Arcadia Velveteen as being a beautiful material, whose wearing qualities equal its surface charms, and I am glad to find that every one to whom I have recommended it, is pleased with it. This Velveteen costs no more than ordinary velveteen, and is worth at least double, so that purchasers should be sure that it is really the Arcadia Velveteen that they get. It is stamped with the words 'Arcadia Velveteen' upon every yard of fabric."

The MYRA'S JOURNAL says:—"The advantages claimed for this Velveteen are not few. First, the color, which is positive and lustrous in all shades. The appearance is certainly very handsome and not easily distinguished from velvet; it is thinner and finer in texture, and consequently less heavy than ordinary velveteen, and it is said to take the needle more easily than any other make."

Wholesale trade supplied by the Agents, **SHAEN & CHRISTIE, 165 Church St., N. Y.**
For Sale by all First-class Retail Dry Goods Dealers.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC



PARKER'S HAIR BALM.

The best, cleanest and most economical hair dressing. Never fails to restore youthful color and beauty to gray or faded hair.

50c. & \$1. at dealers in cosmetics. Large saving buying \$1. size.

The regulating action of this delicious Tonic upon the digestive apparatus and its rapid absorption into the blood give it a wonderful curative power. It stimulates every organ to healthful activity, expels all humors and invigorates every fibre, without intoxicating. There is positively no medicine so efficient in curing dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism and disorders arising from diminished vitality. If you are suffering from bad cough, overwork, or any disease, Parker's Ginger Tonic will give you new life and is the best health & strength restorer you can use. HENCOX & CO., N.Y.



SCROLL SAWYER!

This beautiful three-shelf Bracket Design, size 13x21, and a large number of miniature designs for scroll sawing, will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 15 cts. Or send 5 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Fancy Woods, Mechanics' Tools, Fancy Hinges, Clock Movements, Revolvers, etc. A complete stock, and great inducements offered. Address

A. H. POMEROY,
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DON'T FORGET Where to Send for the very best NEW CARDS, just issued for 1886, for 10c. 15 packs \$1. All Chromos. The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. To excel in quality is our aim. Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, post-paid. Also Imported Holiday and Birthday Cards, with 24 page Illustrated Frontlet. List, 25c. Outfit 10c. E. F. EATON & CO. Northford, Conn.

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SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the **ONLY SAFE** labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of **JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.**



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Click together & send 15 names for 15 packs of 50 New Imported Chromo Cards. (10c. a pack) for \$1. on Extra Bond, Swiss Scenes, Ocean Views, Bird Motives, Moss Rose & Landscape Series, name them, in latest style, (all new type). Get our Album of choicest Samples to take orders with, only 25c. Send 2c. for our reduced price list and catalogue of Elegant Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Novelties &c. given as premiums, or largest cash commissions paid Agents. **STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.**

50 Beautiful Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. Send 3 names and 30 cts., and we will send a 4th pack free. **ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Ct.**



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE
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SEWING MACHINE, CHICAGO & NEW YORK.

50 Large Chromo, Motto, Roses, etc., new style cards, name on, 10c. **G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.**

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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated **KIDNEY-WORT** as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. **Kidney-Wort** strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

RHEUMATISM. For this it is a **WONDERFUL CURE**, as it is for **ALL** the painful diseases of the **Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.** It cleanses the system of the acid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**

It cleanses, strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully.

It Acts at the same time on the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.** **SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.** **LIQUID or DRY.** Dry can be sent by mail. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. (N.Y.)**

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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY.

The most beautifully Illustrated Magazine for Little People in the World.

The extraordinary success of this Magazine proves that the people desire the best literary and artistic matter for the instruction and amusement of little children. The stories and poems, all original, are by the **best writers for children.** The illustrations, 380 a year, are made by the **best artists in the world**, expressly for this work. The cheapest as well as the best. **\$1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy.** Invaluable as an educator. Newsdealers sell it. Specimen free. The most liberal terms to Agents.

RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass!

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM. AN ASTONISHING CURE.

The following case gives another remarkable proof of the really wonder-working potency of Compound Oxygen. The patient herself could hardly have been more surprised than we were at the result which attended its use; for when we examined her case and understood clearly her condition we did not believe that we could do anything for her, and frankly told her so.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 10th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Dear Sirs:—In April, 1881, I came to your office on Girard Street to consult on my reference to the effect of your Treatment on Inflammatory Rheumatism.

"Eighteen years ago I discovered rheumatism in the ends of my fingers; from that it gradually spread all over my body, settling in my feet in 1870; and from that time to January, 1880, I grew worse and worse, suffering nearly all the time intense shooting pains, protruding me often for days, when the trouble settled in my left arm. There were three spots on the arm so painfully sensitive that if any one touched them I would scream with pain. My arm lost all vitality, becoming as cold as if encased in ice and hanging at my side a heavy weight. The muscles fell away to the bone, and my shoulder wasted away till it became necessary to pad my dresses to wear them. Indeed, it was so alarming that I feared paralysis. In addition to this trouble my stomach was in a terrible condition, having refused all kinds of food for months, and I was starving on a low diet under the advice of one of Philadelphia's first physicians.

"At one time my trouble was pronounced cancer of the stomach, and when I recovered sufficiently to be around I would be attacked several times a day with nausea and vomiting. This continued for a long time. I also had a lung trouble of many years' standing, coughing daily and raising a good deal of mucus. With these three diseases, I was unable to sleep, and during the two months previous to coming to your office I had not slept one night.

"After a careful examination of my case, your Dr. Starkey said to me, 'I don't think I can do anything for you.'

"I had heard and read of the Oxygen for so long a time that I was anxious to try it if only to get a little relief, so on April 8th, 1881, I began the Oxygen Treatment, coming every day for a while and then three times a week.

"The first night after inhaling the Compound Oxygen I had the first night's rest in months. This greatly relieved and encouraged me. After using the Treatment a month I was enabled to notice a slight change in my poor arm, but could not move any part of it. During the second month I could notice a decided improvement in my stomach and a little motion of the fingers. I then had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs, which threw me away back and injured my arm seriously. I resumed the Treatment as soon as I was able to come to the office, and by August, notwithstanding the fall, I found, by the use of the other arm, I could move the same one about an inch from the body and could raise the shoulder slightly. In November I could lift my arm a little and the spots were not so painful. All this time my stomach was improving and my lung trouble less troublesome. By Christmas I could eat almost everything placed before me; I had little or no nausea, and seldom vomited. My arm began to fill out and the rheumatism, instead of being a permanent pain, was now scattering and only visited me occasionally, and I realized that I was much less a barometer. I felt like a new being. In February, 1882, I was using my arm at light work and was able to

comb my hair, a thing I had not done in a long time, could button my dresses to the top and found it necessary to take the padding from my dresses.

"In April, one year from the time I began, my lungs had improved wonderfully, my stomach was well and my rheumatism back into my fingers, where it started in 1864, eighteen years ago!

"I trust that all persons afflicted with Inflammatory Rheumatism who read my statement may speedily avail themselves of your wonderful remedy.

"I remain, very respectfully,

"MRS. MARGARETTA E. BARR,

1218 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

"P. S.—August 1st, 1882. Since the foregoing was written, the last vestiges of rheumatism which remained in my fingers have departed, and I consider myself cured. "M. E. B."

"COULD NOT HAVE LIVED MANY DAYS."

The following testimonial from Hon. H. P. Vrooman, of the law firm of Vrooman & Carey, Topeka, Kansas, is of so direct and positive a character that it can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical that in the new substance which we call Compound Oxygen there resides a marvelous healing and restoring power:

"TOPEKA, KANSAS, June 27th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Gentlemen:—In the interest of suffering humanity I send you for publication an account of the almost miraculous cure which your Compound Oxygen performed in the case of my wife. Her condition was a very peculiar one. She had a complication of diseases, *Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, or Liver Complaint*, as her physicians have always called it, and general nervous prostration.

"If you will refer to my description of her case when I made the first order for your Treatment in December, 1877, you will see that she was suffering from severe attacks of colic and vomiting. These attacks first came once in two or three months, when she would vomit herself almost to death's door, and until she would raise a large amount of green bile. When her stomach was relieved from this she would become better at once. But as soon as a certain amount of bile would again accumulate there would be another attack of colic and vomiting. Each time the attacks came at shorter intervals and were more severe, until she became so weak and exhausted that we are sure she could not have lived many days longer had not your Oxygen Treatment come just as it did and saved her, for the colic and vomiting had become almost perpetual, and her strength and life were nearly exhausted.

"We could see a change in her condition from the first inhalation, for she never had so severe an attack of colic afterward and had more strength to endure the pain and retching. She continued to gain steadily, and for the past four years has had no severe attacks. If she is threatened with one she takes an inhalation or two and so escapes any severe paroxysms.

"We have used in all nearly five Home Treatments in four years. One of our boys, fourteen years of age, had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, which left him in a very bad condition. The Treatment did him nearly, if not quite as much, good as it did Mrs. Vrooman.

"I think it but right that we should make known to others what Compound Oxygen has done for us, and therefore send you this statement for publication.

"Very respectfully,

"H. P. VROOMAN."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves and OPEN FOR VERIFICATION, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.

G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.